LONDON CALLING

THE OVERSEAS JOURNAL OF THE BRITISH BROADCASTING CORPORATION

Where the great spring battle is being fought: a British convoy, escorted by corvettes, in mid-Atlantic

No. 79

SUBSCRIPTION
10s. A YEAR

CONTENTS

'Leave this Parish...now...Never!'

By FATHER W. DEMPSEY

This is the story of an Irish priest in a small South London suburb

THERE is an Irish priest who has a small parish in a South London slum. We have been friends now for some years. In appearance he is of short, sturdy build, going bald, and with a smile as broad as the summer sun. His church is one of a number built nearly forty years ago through the piety of a Catholic lady.

Priests do not always stay in these parishes long ; they are usually the steps towards further promotion, but my friend has chosen to be there quite a time. When he arrived, the yellow brick walls looked down upon him adorned only with their addition of London dirt that had gathered over past years. There was a hall behind the church, built against the concrete embankment of the railway, and a house, or rather a two-storey bungalow. One of his early experiences was realising why buckets were provided in the presbytery ; the first wet day he found the necessary and precise locations for the same buckets to receive such water from the heavens as the leaky roof admitted.

However, Father Pat settled down in this parish. Soon he renovated his church ; then, with an eye to business, to meet the debts which inevitably followed, he put the hall on a financial basis. He introduced into the parish various Guilds, and when I knew him best, a year or so before the war, he had a legion of Marys working in most successful vein among his people. As a matter of fact, I went to give a mission in his church during the month of May. At that time no one really believed that there would be a war. We thought the eternal bluffer was once more on his same old racket, but at the same time the people could not pretend that the possibilities were entirely imaginary. They came very well to the mission. We packed in about 250 people from his own and neighbouring parishes. They represented a tradition that belongs especially to South London and is very much associated with my own country, Ireland. In the course of a hundred years or more of emigration she has sent her children all over the world.

The Irish Tradition

Some of you may be the children or descendants of people who have left that country, and will understand easily and quickly what I mean by the Irish traditional parish ; people of our own flesh and blood, who have come over to this land ; men who found their work in what used to be the old Surrey Dock Company, before the great Port of London took over the entire concern. They worked hard and long, and not always for too much money ; they lived in little houses—one the same as the next—over acres of back streets ; they were hospitable and they were kind.

When the war came our paths separated. He remained in his parish. I became a chaplain and went out to France.

A few months ago—last September it was—I met my London friend again. At this time the blitzkrieg was at its height. Both Government and local authorities were urging with all their influence the evacuation of non-combatants in the widest sense of the word, and Father Pat's parish had dwindled from about 400 people to about ninety. There was, however, one feature of his parish I had not seen. Early in the June before the war he had achieved an extremely necessary and amenable object: he had built himself a modest but proper presbytery, for no housekeeper would ever stay in the old one which had deteriorated seriously each winter. So at last, as his own architect, and with local builders, he had put up a house which was the joy of his life. It was not big, and I assure you it was not ornate, but it was compact ; it was new, it was a sort of oblique sun trap. He was proud of that little house ; he liked his fellow priests to come round and see it ; he was happy when the parishioners came in and said: ' Father, we are delighted to see you in some place that is worthy now of the parish and not in the old contraption that we thought would fall into the street—especially now as the bombing is starting—have ye got a shelter, Father ? ' He had—he had a corrugated iron shelter in the backyard-cum-garden that led from the house to the hall. So that and the whole place was finished ; the house on the wide road beside the railway embankment—the shelter, right up against it, and in front of it a large, heavy, one-ton zinc coal-box. When I met him the blitz was at its worst.

I went down for lunch one day and he was showing me over the place. Up to then he had been fortunate. Not much damage had been done. His new windows were still standing the shock of distant blast—the house was firm, the church with its old slate roof seemed quiet, steady, immovable ; the wooden hall was in great demand for refugees, for Belgians, French, Dutch, and those who fled from a persecution before unknown in the history of men. So his life went on from day to day—saying his early Mass, doing the rounds of his parish, working double to get in before the black-out and before the alert each night—that frightful sobbing, haunting, machine-made banshee sound that tells us in London that the Germans have come. Then one night in late October, as he went down to his shelter at about nine o'clock—it was very dark—he could hear all around him the screeches, the bangs, the shaking of the earth, as some unfortunate people or some unfortunate place had been struck. He looked out to see the flashes of the guns and could hear the roar of one of them very close by. He had electric light in his shelter, so he pulled down the curtain and tried to say his office. He found it was impossible to concentrate, and, like many another man before him and many another priest now, he fished out his rosary and started saying his ' Hail, Mary ' for the dead and dying.

Then—he heard them coming ; the first one dropped on the railway station, or so he found out later, and the second bounced off the concrete embankment within a yard of his own shelter. He was flung back into it, but the coal-box saved his life—it had moved slightly and had broken the blast, otherwise it would have come down through the curtained door. He picked himself up with a singing noise in his ears that continued for days. Trembling and uncertain, he groped his way and pulled back the curtain and stood there listening to more whining and more shrieking, more bangs and falling masonry ; and then went in finding his way over the rubble to what had been his dining-room and flashed his small light round. Nothing there but destruction and ruin. The Air Raid Precaution men, familiarly known as the A.R.P., came rushing in. ' Come out quickly, Father,' they said ; ' there's a time bomb outside your church. It may go off at any minute.'

In this, however, they were wrong. It was an unexploded shell which was later removed. He found himself in the dark of the street, the dim light of the torches playing on the empty road. The noise was indescribable. A hundred yards or so away a house was on fire ; men were moving like shadows, recognisable by the white of their helmets and the sound of the human voice. Doors were being smashed down, stretchers were in evidence, and people—his people, his friends and neighbours—were being carted out dying, wounded, dead. He went to the rescue parties ; said good-bye to some and took hold of the hands of others ; he worked at the priestly office until midnight, and then some friendly people took him into their own house and gave him a room and told him he was welcome to stay with them as long as was his need.

When I saw him two days later he was still suffering from the shock ; tears came easily to his eyes when he was condoled about his experiences, but he was full of thankfulness that so little real damage had been done, that the harm had been material rather than human. He brought me down to show me his house. We walked down the road, and in the bright October sunshine saw the wooden roof of the church—bare of its slates—partially covered with a tarpaulin that some authority had provided. The hall was half down, with the wooden roof sagging over part of the billiard table ; the house had the back blown out of it, every window gone, every sash blown in ; there was so much glass that one would have thought it had been raining from the skies. In a few days' time they were going to board it up and abandon it—to leave it there until after the war.

Mass in 'The Green Man'

' What are you going to do, Paddy ? ' I asked. ' What am I going to do ? What can I do ? ' ' Well,' I said, ' your presbytery is gone and your church is badly hit, and your hall is down—hadn't you better see the Bishop ? You're a bit shocked. He'll give you an easier place, or he'll send you down into the country.' He looked at me. ' Leave this parish—leave this place—now—never ! Begorrah, if I did, I'd never show my face in the parish again.' ' Well, what are you going to do about Mass on Sunday ? ' ' That's fixed.' ' What's fixed ? ' ' I'm going to " The Green Man." " The Green Man " is a local hotel; the landlord has been very decent and has given us two fine rooms on the top floor, and there by the Grace of God we'll carry on until I can make that roof watertight, then we'll go back to the church.'

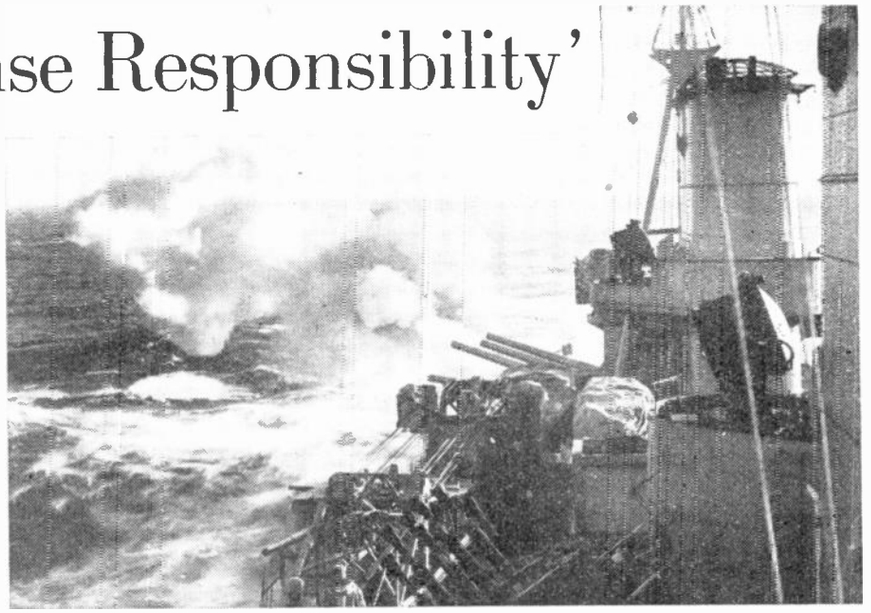
And the people stay with their priest ; those of the parish who must work in London have gathered round him, and they press the ten-shilling notes into his hands, and they give him an occasional five shillings—' Just a sub, Father, for a new church, Father.' ' For another house, Father.' And sometimes he cannot thank them—for you cannot thank people when your throat has a lump in it, and you find no words that can adequately meet such a situation.

His is one of many such situations. Our churches, entirely or partially destroyed, look up with blackened walls from earth to heaven. Some will be rebuilt, others will be restored, but we can't help feeling over here that they are suffering part of a battle. It is only to be expected—for the Church is the enemy of the Hitler régime. Religion can never link its arm with tyranny on one side and lying on the other. It is little things that win great battles, it is little things that outlive great tyrannies, it is little men who survive disasters. Here, anyway, is one little parish that I know—its pastor and its people. Death for the moment has passed them by ; and until it comes again, it functions in the present just as it has done in the past, and, with God's blessing, as it will do in the future.

'Bearing an Immense Responsibility'

A Survey of the British Navy's Tasks in the Battle of the Atlantic

by H. C. FERRABY



H.M.S. 'King George V' at sea. Britain's new 35,000-ton battleship has a formidable armament, including quadruple 14-inch gun turrets. In this photograph the four 14-inch guns of the quarterdeck turret are seen firing

IT was an American who opened the eyes of the whole world to the inner meaning of naval warfare. Fifty years ago there appeared some studies of naval history by Captain A. T. Mahan, U.S.N., which we group nowadays as *The Influence of Sea Power* series ; and those of us who, today, are studying and commenting on the naval operations of this war, see everyday more clearly how far-sighted and how right were the lessons that Mahan drew from his close study of the old wars in the days of sailing ships. Mechanisation of fleets has not altered the strategy of sea war, and the influence of sea power today is just as important a factor in the destinies of nations as then, though the ships of war move at thirty or forty miles an hour instead of the three or four miles an hour at which they went into action at Trafalgar.

It was for this reason that the First Lord of the Admiralty in his recent review of the year's events at sea spoke of the British Navy today as 'bearing an immense responsibility.' For that force in the year 1941 is the backbone of the whole democratic effort to withstand the Nazification of the world. It is as much the main bulwark against tyranny as were the sailing ships that, as Mahan clearly showed, broke and defeated Napoleon's attempt to become the Tyrant of Europe.

What then are the tasks immediately in front of the British Navy ? Primarily, as always, the Navy's job is to keep open the seaways to all our ships—fighting ships, merchant ships, and troop transports. People who live a long way inland, whose train service and road transport are not exposed to interference, do not always realise that in time of war the whole of the seas of the world are a battle-area and that normal movement of ships from one port to another along the well-known and regular routes is not possible. A country that cannot move its ships at sea is in the same position as a big city like Chicago or Pretoria would be if it lost the use of all the railways serving it and could not move lorries or motor cars along the arterial roads that link it with the other parts of the continent.

Germany and Italy have been in that position ever since they embarked on hostilities. And both of them are trying their utmost to put Britain into a state of blockade by stopping the movement of our shipping. The Navy's first task is to prevent them succeeding.

The Germans are using four methods. The main attack on sea traffic comes now, as it did in the last war, from submarines. But since 1918 air navigation has made such great strides that the U-boats are backed now by bombing attacks on ships far out at sea and by air scouts' reports of the approach of convoys.

The third form of attack is by mines, and here again the 1918 methods have been reinforced by the new practice of laying mines from aircraft.

The fourth attack comes from surface raiders, either the fast and heavily armed pocket-battleships and armoured cruisers or by disguised merchantmen fitted up as warships.

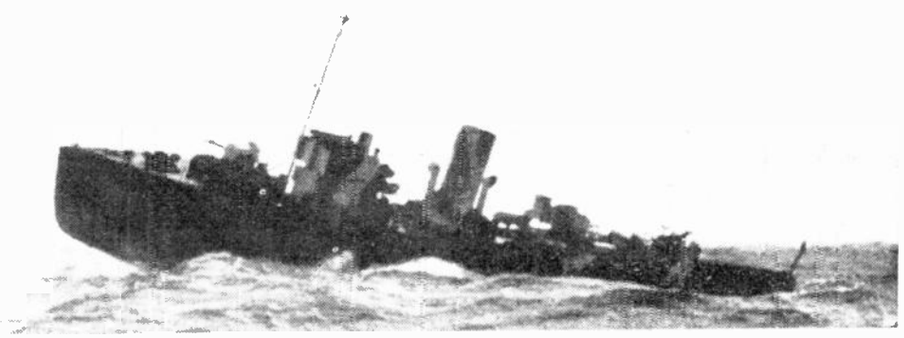
All these attacks we group together, broadly, as the Battle of the Atlantic, because it is there that the main effort of the enemy is centred. A few surface raiders get into the Pacific or into the Indian Ocean, but the amount of damage they do is slight compared with the weight of the onslaught in the Atlantic. There the Navy is fighting day and night. The world's newspapers seldom carry any reports of these activities. The British Admiralty does not give the enemy information. Berlin would like to be told, for example, as soon as it happened, that a U-boat had been sunk off the north coast of Spain or that a surface raider had been sunk in the Caribbean. Then the Berlin Naval Staff would rush another ship to that spot to fill the gap and keep up the pressure. As they do not know what has happened, owing to our secrecy, they do nothing, and our shipping in that area can move more freely because the danger of attack has been removed for a while. Sooner or later, of course, Berlin guesses that something has gone wrong, either because the U-boat does not return to port or because no wireless reports come from the surface raider. But they do not know how that ship came by her end. They have to guess, and that is a constant source of worry.

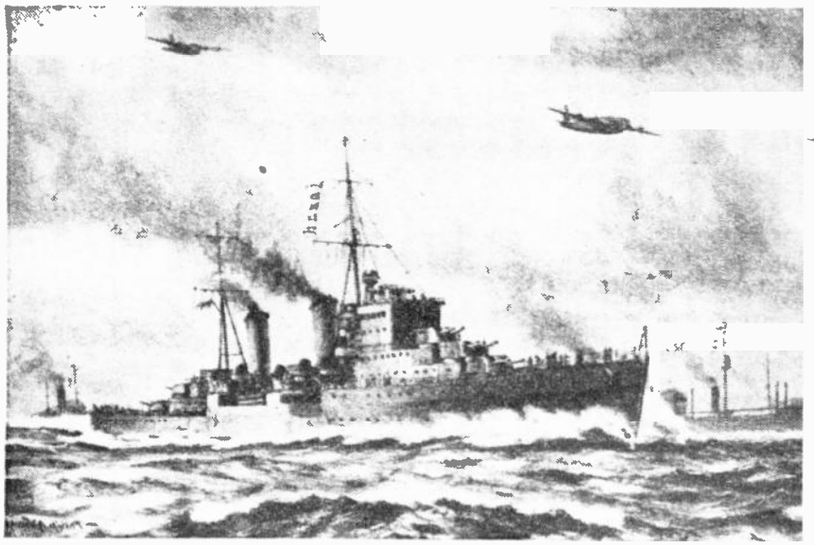
Figures that Need Careful Study

The only knowledge the world has of the progress of the battle of the Atlantic is given by the Admiralty's weekly figures of merchant shipping lost. Those figures need careful study week by week, because you cannot draw any conclusions from the happenings of one week or even of one month. And the experience of the last eighteen months has shown that the enemy cannot keep up the pressure all the time. Every four or five weeks, roughly, he makes a spurt and the total of losses mounts. Then for the next three or four weeks it drops. There have been some extraordinary fluctuations. One or two weeks have shown a total loss of more than 200,000 tons, and then immediately after the total has been no more than 25,000 or 30,000 tons. The main reason for this is that only about one man in ten of those in command of U-boats is a really skilful slayer.

Captain of one of our new corvettes is Lieutenant-Commander R. V. E. Case, R.N.R., who won the D.S.C. and bar in action off Norway. Before the war he was first officer in a passenger liner

These two photographs were taken aboard a corvette while on convoy-escort duty in the Atlantic, and are the first to be taken of this new type of British warship. These ships, which carry a crew of fifty men, are being built in many shipyards in Britain and in the Empire. The striking photograph below shows a corvette pitching and rolling in mid-Atlantic





A drawing by Philip A. Vicary of one of the new cruisers of the Dido class, which is specially suited for Atlantic convoy duties. These ships of 5,450 tons are armed with ten of the new 5.25-inch guns, carried in five turrets. The Dido class has a speed of over thirty-three knots

These aces cannot be at sea all the time. They and their crews must be rested between trips and their boats must be overhauled and tuned up. The second-rate and third-rate men probably make large claims when they return from their cruises, but they have not really done anything like the damage shown in their official reports. And that perhaps explains why the totals announced by Berlin are nearly always three or four times larger than the British Admiralty figures. Dr. Goebbels includes everything that the U-boat commanders and the German bomber pilots claim. How wrong they are is shown by the fact, just disclosed, that during the war the Admiralty Salvage Department has saved and restored to service more than a million tons of damaged shipping. All that has been included in Berlin's total of losses !

Hitler has told the world that he has spent all this time getting ready for the Battle of the Atlantic and that we can expect his big attack any moment now. German propaganda has set unofficial stories circulating about the vast numbers of new U-boats ready to be put into the front line. Some of these put the total at 600. Some at 1,000. Those figures are simply silly. German shipyards have not the space on which to have laid down the keels of so many new craft in the past eighteen months. At the most we may expect to find that they have been able to produce between 120 and 150 new boats since the war began. But even that total cannot all be used at once.

As I pointed out above, boats and crews must be rested between trips. Then again, boats get damaged and go into dockyard for weeks to be repaired. When Hitler's big blow in the Battle of the Atlantic is delivered, it will be all that the German Naval Staff can do to maintain a front-line strength of fifty U-boats at sea every week. And that number will be far from frightening our anti-submarine men. They will welcome it. For many weeks past now they have had too few targets. Remember this—the British Navy in the Atlantic is not on the defensive. It is attacking all the time. Every U-boat that can be detected is hunted remorselessly with every new device that science has been able to perfect. All the world knows now that we have a detector apparatus called the Asdic. But we suspect that the Germans have got wise to some of the ways that gear works. So our scientists have been busy on fresh ideas. And if ever fifty U-boats are at large at one time in the Atlantic our hunting craft are going to have a good week. They were killing U-boats at the rate of two to four a week in the first months of this war when Hitler expected his submarine campaign to sink 2,000,000 tons of shipping a month Our counter-attack was so fierce that he totalled less than one-tenth of that amount of damage. And what price did the U-boat flotillas pay ? No one has ever disclosed the figure officially, but most careful students of war estimate that casualties among the U-boats that took part in that first assault were very heavy.

Is it surprising that our anti-submarine men are looking forward to any big blow that Hitler likes to try in the Battle of the Atlantic ?

New Vessels for the Protection of Convoys

They have new ships. There are new destroyers and the new type of hunting craft, the corvettes. Already the naval honours lists have shown that two of these have killed their prey. There are other new vessels that have not yet been mentioned publicly. For the further protection of convoys against the surface raiders there are new cruisers coming into service. And against the air raiders, there are more anti-aircraft vessels and more and more Merchant Navy gunners who are getting expert at bringing down the dive bomber.

The First Lord disclosed the other day that twenty-seven of these attackers had been shot to pieces by merchant-ship gunners and another fifteen so damaged that they were unlikely to get back to their base. The Navy has admittedly an immense responsibility, but it has the spirit to bear it and much of the material needed for the work. Not all of it. No Navy ever has had all the ships it wanted at any time in history. But the shipyard workers of the country are doing their utmost to keep up a steady supply, so that wherever the need for Sea Power is found in the operations of this war, there the Navy will be equipped to do its work.

Canada's Atlantic Air Patrol

A LARGE share in the defence of Canada's Eastern seaboard is undertaken by the Eastern Air Command of the Royal Canadian Air Force. The men who fly the aircraft of this Command work for the most part unseen, but they rapidly make their presence known to any ship which appears within 700 miles or so of the Canadian coast.

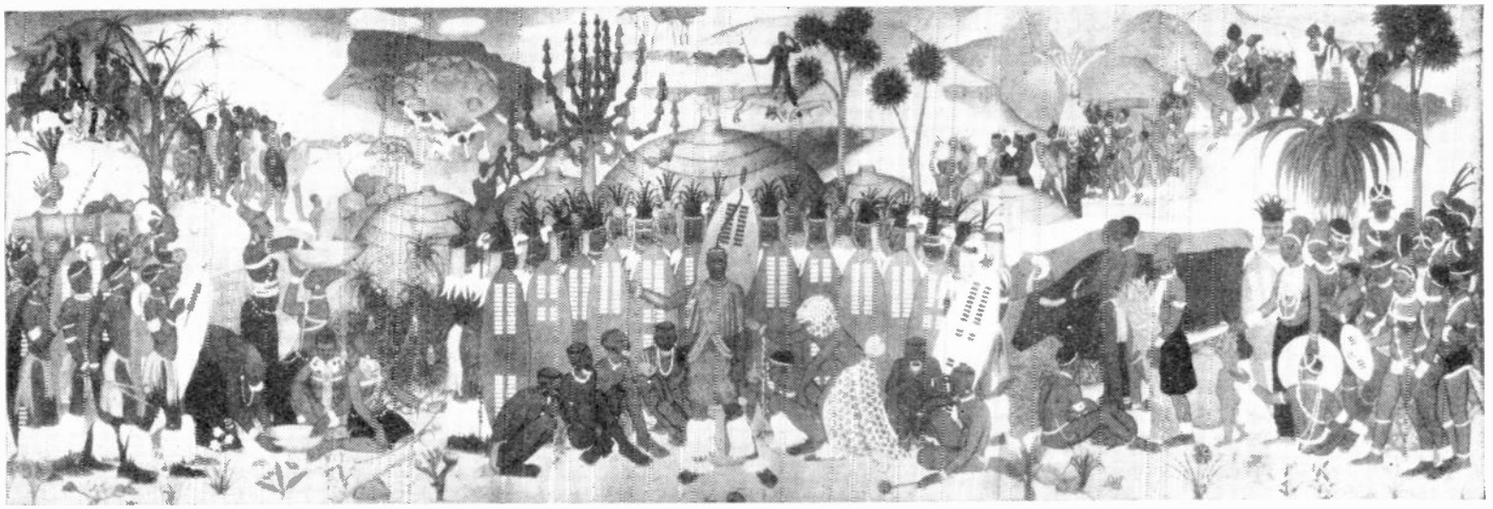
From the icebound waters off Newfoundland to the United States border a constant patrol is maintained far out over the Atlantic to guard the vital sea lanes between Canada and the British Isles. Every convoy which puts to sea for Britain is protected by a squadron of the Eastern Command. Before the ships leave harbour the waters outside are subjected to a detailed search from the air.

The aircraft used are mainly land planes, but they may have to spend a day at sea, at times hundreds of miles from land. A report from a fishing boat of a suspicious-looking craft may entail a flight of thousands of miles.

At the Command Headquarters there is a small upstairs room with a hole in the ceiling. From this vantage point the pilots look down while small toy ships are towed across the floor below by a string. The ships appear to the men above as real ships would do from a height of several thousand feet. The pilot has to give each ship's nationality and other particulars. Accurate identification of ships seen from the air is an important part of the work of this Command. The men who fly the Eastern Command aircraft are usually rather older than those in the other branches of the Service. They are mostly seasoned men of long service, qualified naval officers and gunnery and armament experts.

On a corvette's mess-deck between watches. One member of the crew tries to read a book while others join in a sing-song led by a man who was a dance-band leader before he joined up

Britain's new 35,000-ton King George V, which took Lord Halifax to the U.S.A. She is the fastest battleship afloat



A reproduction of one of the twenty-foot murals at South Africa House, London, the work of our contributor and Le Roux Smith Le Roux. It portrays the ancient Zulu feast of the first fruits, a harvest festival, prior to which no one was permitted to eat the new season's crops. It was an occasion when the king was believed to have been endowed with supernatural powers, and as the pivot of the nation's life he is seen standing in front of his counsellors. Behind them stand the bodyguard of proven warriors, decked in their plumes and carrying their ox-hide war shields. Beside the king is the Royal snuff-bearer and the m'Bongi, or praiser, clad in a leopard's skin and head. At the extreme ends are dancing girls and warriors. (By courtesy of the High Commissioner for South Africa)

Artist to Munitions Worker

By ELEANOR ESMONDE-WHITE

Our contributor is a well-known South African artist who helped with the decorations at South Africa House in London: after the fall of France she went to work in a Midland munitions factory

I CAME to Britain some years ago to help in the decoration of South Africa House. After that I settled in a studio in Chelsea, and was very happy continuing my painting. When war was declared we were naturally rather upset. But the first few months were so unreal that one just drifted, occasionally attending V.A.D. lectures, though one's life went on much as usual.

Then France collapsed and everything changed for me. I felt I simply could not paint. I had to do something to help. But what? Camouflage? Nursing? I can't drive an ambulance. Munitions?

I had heard of a place called the Beaufoy Institute, where women were being trained to be engineers. So without telling anyone I went along, paid my fees, and enrolled as a student. It was very strange at first—and it was hard work too—but awfully interesting. I found myself working alongside all sorts of women—actresses, writers, cooks, and hairdressers. None of us knew anything about engineering, but very soon the machinery began to look less monstrous. And by the end of three months I had made myself a set of tools and felt I would soon be useful.

The day came when I was offered a job in a factory in the Midlands. I must admit that while I was training I had never really given a thought to what my life was going to be once I was absorbed into industry. I left London in high spirits, but gradually as I neared my destination I began to feel very lonely and afraid. However, suitcase in hand, I found myself lodgings as near the factory as possible. Picture the cold, grey drabness of a busy industrial town on an autumn afternoon. It gave me rather a shock and I wondered whether I could possibly live there.

My room was in a workman's cottage—clean, but very ugly! A cottage in an industrial area is not picturesque. These little dwellings stand shoulder to shoulder on either side of long narrow cobbled streets. There are thousands of them—all exactly the same—looking like bands of rather drab school colours. Grey streets, red brick walls, and blue slate roofs. It was only by counting the number of doors from the fish-and-chip shop that I ever found my way home.

My room was about ten foot square with a window looking into the road and the bedroom window of the house immediately opposite. The floor was covered with hideous linoleum and a formidable brass bedstead seemed to occupy all the space. There was a strange elusive little mat on the floor, for when you trod on it it simply flew under the bed. There was a cupboard to hang my clothes in, a table and a chair. The walls were covered with a paper of an early modern design—brown and orange triangles in a very restless state. On the wall at the head of the bed hung something which was undoubtedly meant to cheer. It was a poker-work plaque. Under a gaudy picture of a toucan I read the words 'Keep your pecker up.' It was all so like rooms I had read about that I simply couldn't believe it true. I threw myself on to that uninviting bed and cried.

My landlady—a hard-working woman—mothered me and sent me to bed early, and at seven o'clock next morning I presented myself cheerfully at the factory gates. I dressed for work in a boiler suit, my hair tied in a red and white handkerchief and was greeted with loud cheers of 'Up the Arsenal' (for my red and white handkerchief is the colours of a well-known football team—Arsenal). The works manager came along and put me in the care of the head foreman. We walked down a dark corridor, then he opened a swing door and I shall never forget the scene that met my eyes. It was the most dramatic sight! And even though I saw it each morning, it never lost its thrill.

The huge windows were still blacked-out, and in the dim light the workshop seemed to stretch into infinity. The night shift was just coming off the machines. The noise was deafening and the smell of burning lard oil made me feel a little ill. A spot light shone on the head of each machine and I saw hundreds of tense profiles lit up as they bent over their work.

We walked along an aisle of roaring machines, and I found myself shouting at the top of my voice. The foreman seemed to find this a bit irritating as he kept saying 'Yes, yes, I can hear you.' After several days I too got accustomed to the din and could hear quite distinctly above the roar and clatter what people were saying to me. The floor was black with grease and very slippery, but at last we reached the department where I was to work. I was shown my machine—a huge capstan lathe—far bigger than anything I had handled before.

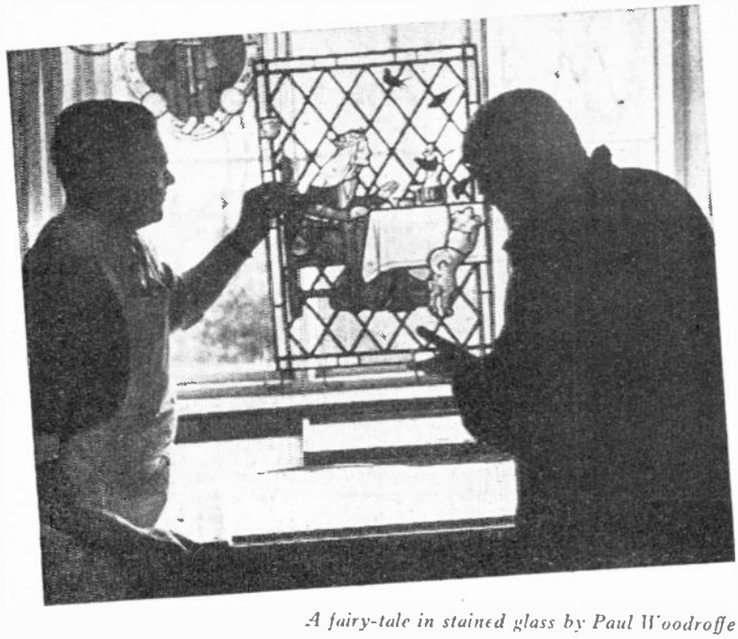
Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs

I was one of eight hands to be taken on that week. We were to train as tool-setters. Just for a moment my mind flew back to the almost lady-like atmosphere of the Beaufoy Institute. What a contrast! This was my real training and I wondered just how long it would be. The seven other trainees were men—elderly and rather small. They weren't very beautiful to look at but they were good sorts. One had been a fitter on the local tramways, another had been a bricklayer. We were a strange little group standing there awaiting instructions. The old hands thought so in any case because I was christened then and there Snow White—the others being the seven dwarfs!

The life in a factory is thrilling. Its like being in a huge heart, beating and pumping, but the blood stream is steel. Walking into that workshop every morning from the dark cold streets I felt bewildered yet happy. When so much is going on all around you it is difficult to sort out your impressions. There were the machines working at full pressure, and there were the trucks, an endless stream of them, bringing in the raw material and carrying away the completed article—shining parts of the armour Britain is putting on.

But the really important part of a factory is human—those hundreds of thousands of men and women who spend twenty-four hours a day

(*Continued at foot of page 7*)



A fairy-tale in stained glass by Paul Woodroffe

The London Letter

MACDONALD HASTINGS on

The 1941 Onion Shortage :: Paul Woodroffe, the Creator of the Beautiful Stained Glass Windows at St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York

WHEN the war is only another chapter to annoy small boys in history books, I wonder whether the year 1941 will ever be distinguished, like 1066 for instance, as a date with any label to remember it by. The fact that we ourselves regard 1941 as one of the most decisive years in history will not recommend it to the memory of future generations of schoolboys. On the contrary, I recollect that in my own schooldays the only historical facts I could assimilate were the ridiculous and the insignificant ones. For instance, I knew that King Alfred burnt the cakes, that King John died of a surfeit of lampreys and that King Canute ordered the waves to fall back ; but of the reigns—glorious or otherwise—of the Kings Canute, John and Alfred, I knew nothing. Yet I expect they seemed pretty important in their time.

The moral is that if we want to save 1941—never mind the war—from historical oblivion, we must see to it that our place in popular history is assured by recording for posterity as many useless facts as possible ; the most promising of immortality that I have discovered is that, in 1941, there was a surfeit of carrots and a shortage of onions. While it is not the complete answer to the question 'What were the economic problems of 1941 ?' the future schoolboy will gratefully seize on it as better than no answer at all And even the future historian, if he relies for his information on contemporary newspapers, may well agree that we seemed more concerned with carrots than conquest, and more tearful about the shortage of onions than the excesses of the war. The newspapers are full of the subject. In recent weeks I have counted no fewer than one hundred and five references to onions in a single London daily paper. Ten of the references referred to the auctioneering of the bulbs in aid of war charities. Single onions fetched any price between ten shillings and five pounds. Twenty references to the edible bulb have been made under the guise of humour (Typical example: 'What are you crying about ?' 'I'm not crying: somebody's given me an onion.') Considerable publicity has also been given to a court case in which a trader was fined for refusing to sell an onion unless the customer bought a rabbit to go with it The rest was news, direct and indirect, from the Ministry of Food.

I have not kept a count on carrot publicity, but it must be prodigious because the Ministry of Food, in advertisements as well as in the editorial columns of the papers, is wheedling people into eating the roots. The latest notion is that carrots must be used as a substitute for sweets. The result of this suggestion has been that one confectioner has made a special application for a licence to sell carrots under their new category. Another trader is reported to be dipping carrots in toffee, sticking them on the end of sticks, and selling them for a penny each as 'Toffee Carrots.'

The latest news of the onion is that the Government has earmarked huge quantities for import from Egypt and Africa. Everybody with a plot of garden is growing extra rows of them in the space usually devoted to carrots. So I suppose that 1942 will go down in history as the year in which there was a shortage of carrots and a surfeit of onions.

★ ★ ★

I have just spent a week-end in the company of an artist craftsman in the Cotswold Hills who is devoting himself to the creation of the most bomb-brittle of all artistic products. A strange occupation in a world bent on destruction. He is designing and building stained glass to fill the broken windows when the blast of the last explosion has done its work By that time we shall be lucky if there is any old stained glass left.

For eight hundred years—ever since the first craftsman took pieces of coloured glass and put them together with strips of lead in the form of windows—vandalism, intolerance and war have combined to destroy their work. Hitler is finishing the job off.

Ancient windows which are intact are esteemed for their rarity alone among the world's greatest art treasures. Dimmed by the light of centuries and blackened by the chemical action of the atmosphere on the glass, time has mellowed and enhanced their loveliness. The method by which they were made is preserved practically unaltered by artists in stained glass to this day. With better tools and better materials, they are emulating the medieval masters.

Paul Woodroffe, my week-end host, besides being one of the most distinguished masters in stained glass of his day, is also one of the few stained glass artists who executes his own work as well as designing it. Many men, after creating a scale drawing in colour, are content to pass the work of carrying it out as a window to outside firms who specialise in executing stained glass at rates of from £3 10s. to £5 a square foot. Mr. Woodroffe, following the tradition of the old craftsmen, constructs his own windows.

The difference between the old and the new is that the requirements of the craftsman's clients have changed ; in sympathy, so have the craftsman's fees.

The old workmen had collections of standard designs which they offered for approval. When the patron had selected a design he liked, and agreed the price per square foot, the artist modified it to represent the required Saint and to fit the blank window. The result was that the same figure with a different name was often used to represent half-a-dozen saints in the same church and the artist sawed him up quite arbitrarily in pieces according to the dimensions of the window.

The modern artist—there are about twenty stained glass artists of repute in Britain today—carefully studies the individual requirements of each client. He visits, if possible, the church and considers the architecture of the building and the value of the light. Light is important. In America, for instance, daylight is so brilliant that glass which would appear almost black in this country has to be used.

Apart from the appearance of the window, the artist must also remember that light must be admitted to the interior of the church. Once this was thought of little consequence, with the result that stained glass in some churches—St. James's, Piccadilly, for instance, which Hitler has now destroyed—has had to be taken down to be lightened.

When the artist has satisfied himself, he returns to the studio and prepares a scale sketch in colour for his client's approval. The fee he may receive varies with his reputation as an artist, the size and purpose of the window, and whether he carries out his own design.

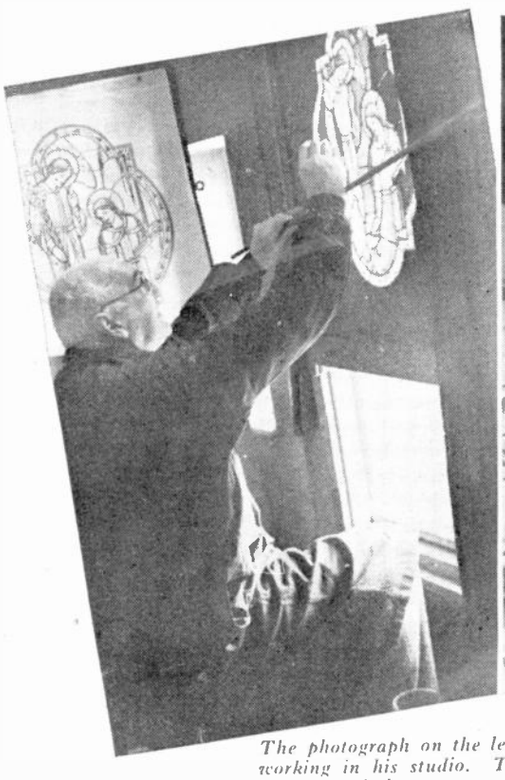
How Stained Glass Windows are Made

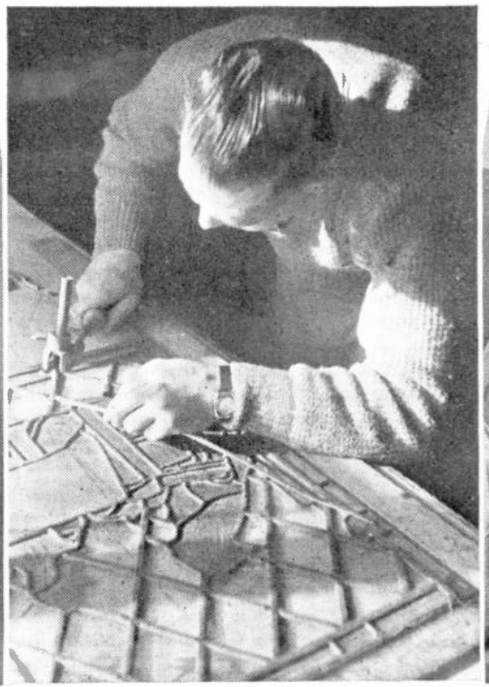
The executing of the window begins with the making of a full-size working drawing—technically called a cartoon. This indicates the position of the strips of lead used to join the different pieces of coloured glass together. A stained glass window is not a picture painted on glass with coloured paints, but a composition of coloured glasses that must be joined together. The leads, rightly and discreetly used, are not aggressive to the eye ; in fact, they serve, by contrast, to make the glass appear more brilliant.

The cartoon is followed by a 'cutline' made on tracing cloth over the cartoon. This indicates the leads and the shapes of the glass for both cutting and glazing. The cutting of the glass is the work of the glazier, who uses either a diamond or a steel wheel. The medieval craftsmen, who had neither diamonds nor wheels, broke their glass to shape by touching it with hot irons.

The selection of the various coloured glasses to be used in the window is made by the artist and his glazier together. The glasses—in about three hundred different colours—are stored in racks in the studio. The artist indicates the colours he wishes to employ, but he allows a good glazier to use his discretion in the choice, so that the workman can make the most of his material and not cut to waste.

Glass is an expensive commodity. It is made by very few firms, who jealously guard the secrets of their trade. Blown into cylindrical form, it is cut along its length and opened and flattened out when hot into sheets about 26in. by 15in. The artist receives it in rough shape and varying thicknesses. The cost is affected by the colour. The cheapest





The photograph on the left shows Mr. Woodroffe working in his studio. The centre picture shows how the windows are made water-tight and rigid. Solder is applied to each junction of the lead, back and front, and cement is laid well under the leaf of the leads on both sides

The garage of Mr. Woodroffe's historic home at Birley is one of the few remaining cockpits in Britain. Mr. Woodroffe is pointing to the well in which the cocks fought: the spectators sat round in tiers watching. The boarding-up of the cockpit well is, of course, a modern innovation

is white at 2s. 6d. a square foot ; the most expensive—gold, pinks, rubies, and copper—costs up to 15s. a square foot.

It is a common fallacy, Mr. Woodroffe says, that modern glass is not equal to the old. In variety, in richness of colour, in consistency, and in resistance to disease, modern glass is, in fact, immeasurably better. English-made glass is accounted the finest in the world.

After the glass has been cut, each piece is laid over the cartoon and the details of the drawing—such as features, ornaments, and shadows—are traced in fairly solid pigment on the surface of the glass. The method is then to fix the traced pieces with beeswax in the correct position on a sheet of plain glass. This is fitted into an easel slung on weights against clear lights. A matt of stippled colours is laid over the whole. High lights are taken out with a stiff brush or needle.

The only applied colour used is silver stain (nitrate of silver) or antimony. It ranges from pale lemon to a deep orange..

After the glass has been traced, the separate pieces are placed on a bed of powdered plaster of Paris in metal trays. In these, they are put into a kiln for fixing. They are subjected to a temperature of 72° C, and then cooled. The object of this process is to anneal the applied stain permanently on to the glass. It is usually repeated several times. The glass, after fixing, is built into the leads. The 'cutline' is used for a guide and, while the work is in progress, the glass and leads are held in position temporarily with nails until the whole panel or section is complete.

Solder is applied to each junction of the leads, back and front, and a liquid putty is rubbed under both sides of the leaf to cement the lead to the glass. This makes for weather tightness and rigidity, as the cement sets hard.

Old lead pipes, sheeting, scrap from the glazing goes into the lead pot to make the leads. When molten, the metal is cast in a mould and run through a mill with varying wheels and checks to give different widths and cores. Leads vary in width from $\frac{5}{8}$ in. to 3/16 in. The wider leads are used on the outside of the window and where emphasis of form is desired ; the narrower leads for outlining heads and hands or making divisions of larger spaces.

Big windows are made in several sections for strength and convenience in handling. To fix them, iron bars, appropriate to the width and size of the lights (a church window is described as of so many lights and tracery) are set into the stonework of the window, and copper ties are soldered to the leads and lapped round the bars, holding the lights in their position. The rebate or groove of the window is filled with stiff mortar or cement covered with stone dust.

When the window is in position, the artist's work is done. Then time begins its ageless task.

ARTIST TO MUNITIONS WORKER (*continued from page 5*)

seeing that the wheels of the armament industry turn faster and faster. They are wonderful people and I am proud to work with them and know them. I had given up a soft job to become No. 2251 in a huge factory, but I met real people, genuine and honest, with simple likes and dislikes. You read a lot of nonsense about the working classes, but it is not until you live with them that you can appreciate them. Their kindness is quite spontaneous and if they like you they'll do anything for you. There is one little scene I shall never forget. An elderly couple lived in the cottage next door. The man was a charge hand in another factory. Every morning at half-past six there was a tap on the kitchen door, and there he stood with a kettle of boiling water for me to wash in. It is only when every drop of water must be heated on a gas ring that you learn the value of a present like this.

The work these people do is hard work, and they do it willingly and with tireless energy. Quite honestly, for the first two weeks I thought I should never survive. I ached from head to foot, and as I stumbled out of the factory at night I had only one thought—to get into bed, clean or dirty. But that wore off. You have to be very brave at heart to stand the long hours of work and the constant menace of air raids. A blitz is not a pleasant thing, and only a fool can honestly say that he is not afraid. That is why I think the munition workers of Great Britain have great courage.

The factory I was working in covered many acres. You felt it was a target too big to be missed. But the men and women working there are soldiers, although they are unarmed. The only way they can hit back is by keeping at the job, and they do. I shall never forget the faces of those people. They were tired and white, but their eyes shone. Night after night in air-raid shelters with tragedy all around makes you look wretched. But their hands moved as rapidly as ever. I got to know a number of these men and women. They were good people. I should not think any of them had done anything wrong in their lives, apart from getting drunk occasionally on pay nights. So you can understand why they are so horrified by what Germany has done in Europe. And they know the importance of their work. Their life is hard and they seldom see the daylight. I have seen men work twenty-nine hours without a break to get a rush job through.

I wonder if I can explain to you the urge that makes these people work as they do. It was two weeks before Christmas. Suddenly above the roar of the machines I heard men singing carols. They sang 'Peace on earth, good will towards men.' I was horrified! How could they sing while they were making weapons to destroy ? Then I realised that they were singing what we all subconsciously feel. They don't hate, and they don't associate their work with destruction. They are forging a shield with which to ward off chaos and desolation. They are part of an army of crusaders fighting to keep the freedom everyone holds sacred.

Readers who keep their copies of 'London Calling' will find it interesting to compare this photograph, taken from the Dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, with that which appeared on page 4 of issue No. 70. This new picture shows the remarkable progress that has been made in clearing up the areas devastated by the great fire-raising raid of December 29 last

Back to the Front Line

MALLORY BROWNE has returned to London after four months' absence in the U.S.A. 'Has the winter,' he asks, 'brought Hitler any nearer to the conquest of Britain?' Here he records his first impressions

JUST before leaving England last October for a four months' visit to America, I was talking to a certain well-known non-belligerent diplomat about the prospects of a Nazi invasion of Britain. Never a particularly optimistic person, he was at that time blackly pessimistic over the outlook for the approaching winter.

'You'll see,' he said to me, 'Hitler very probably won't even have to invade this country in order to conquer it; a winter spent in air-raid shelters will do the job for him!'

I thought of this gloomy prediction the other day when I landed in England after an eight-hours' flight up from Lisbon in a big flying boat, and I wondered to what extent I should find his prophecies confirmed. When I left, Britain, after seven weeks of the most intensive Blitzkrieg bombing, was unshaken, cheerful and confident. But what, I asked myself, would conditions be after a long cold winter had added to the strain and suffering of ordeal by bomb and fire? The headlines in most of the American papers had hardly been reassuring.

Before I even had time to set foot on English soil, however, I was greeted by a favourable omen. Our seaplane came down close beside a flying-boat which I recognised as one of the latest types of American bomber! Then, as we came ashore in the launch, my first impressions were definitely encouraging. For we had landed at the same seaport somewhere on the south coast from which I had taken off for the States last autumn. Not long after I left, I had read in the papers sensational German claims that they had 'demolished' this particular town and harbour. Yet here it was as I had last seen it, not only undemolished, but for the most part undamaged.

'Trains to London were normal'

My next reassuring discovery was even more significant; trains to London were normal, I was told. Bitter experience in the weeks before I left Britain for America made me sceptical; but so it was. Instead of the seven devious hours it took me to get down from London last autumn, the trip up to town took only a little over two hours.

On the other hand, the first sign of really serious war damage I encountered on my return was a fleeting glimpse from the train window as we came through Southampton. It was the empty shell—or rather half-shell—of a huge warehouse, now nothing but a big blackened ruin. I knew, of course, that Southampton had been badly hit since I left, but no further trace of the bombing was visible from the train. In fact, I looked in vain, all the rest of the way up to the outskirts of London, for some striking evidence of Britain being at war. The countryside seemed completely at peace, except for an occasional field where poles or piles of stone, or some other obstruction had been set up to prevent a landing by enemy airplanes.

Once in London, of course, all this suddenly and sadly changed. It is hard to convey to one who hasn't seen it an accurate impression of London as it is today after six months intensive siege from the air. The difficulty is to give you a true picture of the terrible tragedy of it all, without at the same time giving you an over-exaggerated and therefore quite false impression of the real extent of the damage and destruction. Let me say right away that my own first impression, coming back to London fresh after four months' absence, is that the destruction is not nearly as great as one imagines, reading or hearing about it across the Atlantic.

But although this is certainly true, it hardly gives a complete picture.

It is this tremendous contrast that constitutes the main impression I have gained from my return to London. I have been forcibly struck by it in the East End as well as in the City. Down in the poorer districts I have seen whole areas practically derelict. And yet at the same time an adjoining area has suffered very little. This is also true of other parts of London. In the West End, for instance, there has been terrific damage at some points. But there are whole streets and vast sections where only an occasional house has been hit. On the whole, I should say that even taking into account the worst areas of all in the City and the East End, where the devastation is probably greater than you have pictured it, in general, London is on the contrary much less extensively damaged and in far better shape than most of you imagine.

From the little I have been able to see so far in the few days I've been here, I should say the same applies to the country as a whole. Since my return nothing I have seen or heard has altered the view I took away from England with me last autumn: that the military significance of all the bombing of Britain the Nazis have done is definitely negligible, in so far as its effect on the outcome of the war is concerned.

Another change for the better that is very noticeable results from the good work of the demolition squads. One of the most depressing things about the London I left last October was the large number of demolished houses simply spilled out into the street like huge rubble heaps. Now, one almost never sees these tragic piles of overflowing bricks and plaster. Bombed houses and buildings are soon tidied up, the debris quickly cleared off the side walks and streets, and in many cases the site is completely cleared and left ready for rebuilding.

At the moment, too, there are many fewer 'diversions,' as the Londoners call the détours due to a bomb in the road. In part, of course, this is due to the recent lull in serious enemy raids, but it is due also to better organisation. This is strikingly apparent in the establishment all over London of more community meal centres where bombed-out citizens can get a good meal for ninepence—about eighteen cents. The same better outlook applies to public air-raid shelters. They are less crowded now, and conditions in most of them have been improved.

Blacker Black-out

One thing which was bound to make a deep impression on anybody who had become accustomed to the bright lights of Broadway, is the black-out. It seems blacker than ever. It's as if the process of blacking-out, which when I left was still somewhat makeshift, has now been developed and perfected into a science, or even a fine art. One never sees a tell-tale crack of light at a window now, and flashlights and car lamps that were giving some trouble when I left are now properly subdued.

Even apart from the black-out, however, the picture has its dark side. The most serious is undoubtedly the question of food. The greatest change for the worse which I have encountered is the food situation. It is not acute. There is plenty to eat still in England. But there is much less of certain kinds of food available than last autumn, and the problem is becoming increasingly hard to solve. This means, of course, that the air and U-boat blockade of Britain by the Nazis is becoming more effective. There is no doubt that the shipping problem is far and away the gravest question facing Britain today.

To sum up these first impressions, therefore, I should say that there are some dark clouds on the horizon, and some of them look pretty bad, such as the food question, the shipping problem, the as yet unsolved riddle of how to stop the night bomber and the over-hanging threat of invasion. But in spite of these, taking it all in all, it seems to me fairly clear that my pessimistic diplomat was mistaken, and that the winter has emphatically not brought Hitler any nearer the conquest of Britain. On the contrary, if my first impressions after a long absence are correct, Britain's prospects today, as the war enters the second half of its second year, are at least as bright as they were when I left here last autumn, and definitely better than they looked to me a few weeks ago from the other side of the Atlantic.

Why We Need American Aid

COLIN COOTE describes the size of the British war effort in terms of men, money, sacrifice and achievement

THE Germans keep on telling the United States that it is no use helping us because any help they can give will be too late and too small. I do not suppose that any one is really taken in by this sort of stuff. The Germans are always trying to pretend that the British want other people to do their fighting for them. We have, of course, a simple answer to that crude charge—the answer of a million British graves where lie our dead in the last war. But if I were an American, I should want to know that the people whom I was asked to help were doing all in their power to help themselves You hear a lot about what the United States is doing and will do to help the British. I think it is about time that you should hear a little about what the British are doing to help themselves. I cannot tell you all the details because Hitler would like to hear them, too. But I can tell you enough to show you that we are not just waiting idly for somebody to come to our rescue.

Let me take first the measuring rod of expenditure. We are now spending, according to our Chancellor of the Exchequer, £12,500,000 a day ($62,500,000). This means about £4,565 millions a year, of which £4,000 millions are directly attributable to the war. This expenditure is equal to three quarters of the whole estimated national income in 1938, though it includes a fairly large expenditure out of capital, such as the capital we are spending to pay for purchases abroad. From our richest men direct taxation alone takes seventeen out of every twenty shillings of income. No person in this country with an income of over five shillings a day is exempt from direct taxation. And in spite of taxation at this level, our people last year saved and lent to the Government no less a sum than £1,160 millions. It was Napoleon who called us a 'nation of shopkeepers,' and ever since he fastened that label on us, there has been an idea abroad that the British were a mean and personally selfish race. But the figures I have just given mean that the Britisher is so conscious of ideals outside his own pocket that he is content to spend less than one-fifth of his income on himself. It is only fair to him to add that every single thing which has been obtained abroad during this war has been paid for on the nail.

Volunteer Element is Strong

I pass to the question of man-power—not forgetting woman-power. You know that all men between the ages of eighteen and forty-one are liable to military service, and that the age groups from nineteen to thirty-six inclusive have been called up or registered. But you may not know the extent to which our fighting forces are composed of volunteers of all ages —not of conscripts. The Air Force is, and will remain, mainly a volunteer force, and it will become more and not less so. For behind the Air Force there is an Air Training Corps open to boys from the age of sixteen and giving them grounding in the science of flying while still at school. Very large numbers—tens of thousands—of boys have joined this Corps. As for the Navy, I do not think even the Germans will say that our ships are manned by the Press Gang And the volunteer element in the Army is enormous. For example, when the younger age-groups were being called up, several hundred thousand older volunteers were accepted at the same time.

System of Reserved Occupations

Again, we have the Home Guard, an increasingly powerful force based on a local organisation, and numbering over 1,500,000 men. I wish I could bring home to you the superb spirit of all these forces. Perhaps the best way to do so is to tell you that if you were to ask any one of them what he thinks of this terrible invasion with which Hitler threatens us from day to day, he will answer with obvious sincerity that he only hopes the Germans will try it. But, of course, not all our men can be fighting or preparing to fight. Until there is another 'arsenal of democracy,' we have had to be both the striking force and the arsenal. And therefore we have had to forbid great numbers of men to join up in order that they may produce munitions, ships, food, and goods for export to help pay for the goods we must import. Therefore, we have had a system called 'reserved occupations.'

For example, a miner must not join up unless he is under a certain age, nor an agriculturist unless he is under another age limit, and so on throughout the industries recognised to be key industries for war. We shall gradually release numbers of these reserved men for military service. Women are already coming in to help. Organised and uniformed women are already carrying out many non-combatant duties with the Services. Women are pouring into industry. Some thousands of them are already working on the land. I do not pretend that the enormously difficult task of fitting every man and woman into their proper war job is completed. But I can tell you two things. The first is that our war output is already considerably greater than it was at the peak of the last war. The second is that the statistics of unemployment are very misleading.

When you read that there were nearly 700,000 unemployed last January, you may think that this figure shows a lack of organisation or of effort. If so, you are wrong. Many of these so-called unemployed are changing over from one job to another. Many are boys and girls who have just left school. Many more are the people, found in every country, who, for one reason or another, are unemployable either in peace or in war. And you must remember that the switch over of industry from peace to war, the necessary cutting down of production for civilian uses, the restriction of private expenditure by taxation and rationing—all these things cause a temporary dislocation and temporary unemployment.

If any of my readers still think we are not going all out in the use of our men, our money, and our machines, let me remind them of this fact. Exactly nine months ago the wreck of the British Army was being taken off the beaches of Dunkirk with the loss of stores and equipment which it had taken many months to produce. In the interval, our industrial cities have sustained the worst which the German Air Force could do, and our merchant ships have sustained the worst that submarines, mines, surface raiders, and bombers could do. Nevertheless, in this month of March, we can look back and see that we have downed in battle alone 3,150 German aircraft and 1,000 Italian aircraft ; that we have fought a victorious campaign on land 3,000 miles from our home base ; and that we have dissolved the Italian Empire in Africa. And we can look forward and say that we actually and sincerely hope that Hitler will try to invade us.

Magnitude of the Task Ahead

That is my case for saying that our friends in other countries will not be helping those too lazy or low-spirited to help themselves. But these friends may say, 'After all, they are doing so well that they do not need help.' So I must ask those who may think too highly of us to look at the other side of the picture. What are they asking ? They are asking the British Empire to take on the German Empire and Italy ; to sustain the indifference of Russia and the smooth hostility of Japan. They are asking us to take on at one and the same time two of the strongest armies in the world and two of the greatest Air Forces in the world ; and, just in case that should be too easy, they are asking us to be the masters of every sea in the world simultaneously. So much for their general proposition—and it is a formidable one.

Next they forget, but we cannot forget, that though our position is incomparably better than it was nine months ago, we have not yet measured ourselves against the German army nor against the full force of the German submarine flotillas ; and we have only checked—not destroyed—the German Air Force. Judged by any test, the real grapple is still to come. How long it will last, nobody can tell. Whenever anybody asks me that question, I remind them (particularly if they seem a bit complacent) that last time we were left alone to face a European despot, it took us twenty-two years to finish the job.

This is not the first time that men have stood like a rock in the last line of defence of a great cause. I happen to be enough of a Scotsman to feel sympathy for all those who have to put up a great resistance in the hour of desperation, when there has seemed to be little strength and little hope. Do you remember the lines of Walter Scott, when he was describing one such last desperate stand ?

> But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,
> Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
> Though bill-men ply the ghastly blow,
> Unbroken was the ring.
> The stubborn spearmen still made good
> Their dark impenetrable wood,
> Each stepping where his comrade stood,
> The instant that he fell.

Give us some men of the modern equivalent of that 'dark impenetrable wood.' As the Prime Minister said, 'Give us the tools ; and we will finish the job.'

Mistake Brings Down a Nazi

There is a Free Frenchman flying for Britain who made his first kill because he turned to right when his flight commander said left. With Canadians, New Zealanders and British as his brother pilots, the Frenchman was flying with a Spitfire squadron on patrol. For a time the Spitfires had the sky to themselves. Then the commander ordered a change of course. For a moment the Free Frenchman misunderstood. He went to right while the remainder of the squadron went left. At Spitfire speed the Frenchman was a mile or two from his squadron before he realised his mistake.

But as he pushed open his throttle an enemy aircraft obligingly appeared ahead. The opportunity was too good to miss. The Frenchman, with a heaven-sent chance, flew close to the enemy machine ; gave it several bursts from his eight machine guns, and had the satisfaction of seeing the aircraft burst into flames and go down. But that was in the Frenchman's early days as a Spitfire pilot. He has now brushed up his English so that right means right, even in the heat of an aerial battle. He has seriously damaged one enemy aircraft, and probably destroyed another since he made his first kill by mistake.

Diary of an R.A.F. War Artist

By KEITH HENDERSON,

one of the two official artists to the Air Ministry

'Sergeant Wireless Operator,' by Keith Henderson

TURNING over the pages of a diary that I began last April on being appointed one of the two official artists to the Air Ministry, I now read over passages here and there with reminiscent amusement and a certain gentle pleasure, too. During the last war I kept a diary, not only while with my regiment, but after being seconded to Intelligence with the XV Corps Squadron, and then Fifth Army Headquarters. The new diary for this war, begins:—

April 19, 1940. Started with Helen from home yesterday evening towards the East Coast, leaving snow on our Lochaber mountains and daffodils under the wintry trees. Curlews calling from every direction. Tomorrow . . .

April 20. This, my first day of official duty, has been a hideous failure. A guard at the aerodrome entrance; I drive in, superior and nonchalant, returning the sentry's salute. On to the Orderly Room. Adjutant, Commanding Officer, Intelligence Officers. Nervous as a cat, I hope they will not see through my calm affability. Cigarettes and a stroll towards the Mess. The ante-room is enormous. African buck, markhor, and other trophies of the chase, branch out one above the other towards a lofty ceiling. The leather armchairs are so ample that officers reclining in them appear to be asleep. Crowds of others standing about, all very much alike. They observe that the Commanding Officer has a guest. Introductions, a glass of sherry. Presently through swing doors into the Mess Room, which is still more enormous. Lunch with one of the Wing Commanders, very friendly. But the afternoon, oh, the afternoon was hell. During a conducted tour round the hangars I saw nothing whatever that I particularly wanted to paint. The wind was hideously cold, the light bleak, and I had an exhausting stomach-ache. Violent and continuous noises of engines being tested. No ideas.

April 22. Serene spring weather. All has gone well, so well that I have had to steady myself with thoughts of the horror of the conquered in Poland, Norway, and elsewhere. A man's philosophy is usually in accord with his circumstances, both interior and exterior. Optimists do not have stomach-aches. Mine had vanished. From the high control tower at least three marvellous possibilities appeared. Two sinister and monstrous bombers were awkwardly entering their hangar. They have the eyes, the mouths, legs, bodies, wings of elephantine obscene insects, but stupid insects. Prod them and they will not move away or retaliate. There is no mind within. They are utterly vacant. I must paint them like that. How lucky am I to have been appointed to this delightful work.

April 24. Three pictures have now been begun. I am using a monochrome mixture of white, yellow-ochre, and a little raw umber. This will make any alterations to the composition easier before a more or less rapid final painting begins.

May 5. From the ground this strangely retarded spring is at last clearly visible. Trees are in bud and millions of small flowers give an impression of Chaucerian gaiety. Up in the air scarcely any of this tiny brilliance shows yet. There are just stretches of moorland and of ploughland in various shades of pale buff and maroon, with here a diaper dressing of lime, there a flutter of gulls, a few sombre forestry plantations and many lesser woods wherein only an occasional pale willow is conspicuous, old stone farmhouses with their haystacks in rows, a ruin near a newer castellated mansion, small lochs all silvery grey, an appearance of desertion far and wide. From the air the earth has no flowers. Eastward is the wonderful coastline, red sandstone mostly, fretted away into natural arches and pinnacles. The jade green sea is as lovely from above as I remember it in the last war. Those white festooned breakers along the beaches seem without sound.

May 6. Today I tried the experiment of taking up more than mere notebooks. I took a canvas, a dozen brushes and a full set palette. The palette was disastrous. Within a few moments of taking off I noticed Indian red on my sleeve. The observer crept forward to the navigator's seat where I was, and shouted into my ear, 'Have you got everything you want?' 'Yes, thank you,' I shouted back. 'But you have got some ultramarine on your cheek.' I remembered noticing an air gunner holding the palette at a dangerously acute angle as he handed it in to someone. And worse. Nearly all the so carefully arranged large dumps of paint round the palette's edge were, I saw now with dismay, gone. They had evidently slipped off or been smeared off. But I could not be without them. They must be found, scraped up penuriously from the floor or anywhere. Then I saw the legs of the air gunner. My precious cadmium red! The observer, the pilot even, all were strangely daubed. The rags which I handed round proved in that cramped space more distributive than cleansing. Their hands, their faces, their flying kit were crimson, blue, white, black, yellow, or tartan. It was a great success.

May 7. My bedroom at the aerodrome is quite comfortable. I shall never forget my astonishment when an efficient batman offered me early tea. I was then getting up at four a.m. for a dawn picture. This morning it had to be 3.30. As we rose into the upper air through ground mist three swans also rose through the ground mist. They flew north. I found myself thinking: 'Where exactly is the centre of the Universe?' And I answered myself: 'Wherever you happen to be at the moment.' In mid air the centre of the Universe is definitely not on the earth's surface. All who fly will agree about that. Suppose yourself flying west. You wish to turn south. The great rigid wings slant over. But for all the planetary pull of gravitation, it is not the aircraft which appears to be askew. Not at all. The earth on the other hand has gone mad. It has heaved itself up, sea and all, steeply into space, a huge menacing wave that will not subside until the dial shows the wings horizontal. They will be in a moment. Now they are. Now the earth is itself again, flat, detached, inhuman, without laughter or any birds singing.

May 8. A letter from the Air Ministry. I wrote some time ago asking for permission to go to Narvik or Stavanger on a bombing raid. The Air Commodore at Whitehall answers: 'Under present conditions it is quite out of the question that you should visit Norway.' Right. Well, that exonerates me. I am certainly not going to do fancy war pictures from photographs and descriptions.

May 9. Home for another short rest, tired. No, not depressed. There must be no regretting all that I have not accomplished, but simply a proud delight in all that I have accomplished. Let me be luxuriously lazy. For several days on end I need not do anything. I loll in this white window seat looking down the length of the room towards Aunt Nell's two rococo mirrors on either side of the Chinese lacquer cabinet. One of the dogs in the farmyard barks. I love the faint pink wallpaper with its bunches of blue-grey and white flowers. I am happy. I think I have been asleep. I must go and see how things are coming on in the walled garden.

May 11. Back at the aerodrome. The usual crowds assemble as soon as I set up my easel for a large picture to be called *Repairs to a Bomber*. Since last night when I came round to see that all was in order, the men have produced (in the most frightful raw flat yellow) on the side of the particular aircraft that I am painting a huge figure of Donald Duck. They want me to put this into the picture, but I really cannot. It would spoil the whole thing. The effort to find words that might show them why it would spoil the whole thing is almost too much during working hours.

May 12. On other machines they have now painted other grotesques, including the wholly inexcusable Popeye. A sergeant-pilot says that these effigies will 'cheer up the Jerries.' And this while the news becomes more serious than any news ever announced in the world before.

May 16. While I was touching in the 'horns' of the bomber a young pilot who had been standing beside me asked: 'How do you begin a

picture ? ' My answer, which was regrettably long, failed to give satisfaction. I could feel that. There was silence ; and then—would I come for a flit with him ? When ? This afternoon ? Well, I did rather want to get on with that thing of the coastline. . . . He went off at once and came back to say that all had been fixed. We were to go in the Jewel. On my way to the Mess I reflected that a machine called the Jewel sounded pleasantly airworthy. Later I discovered my mistake. Not Jewel, but Dual, a machine with dual control. ' You must take a turn,' he offered. I made no answer, doubtful as to what this implied. When the parachutes and Mae Wests and other paraphernalia for all concerned are collected we drive across to the Dual. The engines have been sending out dust gales to the rear for a good while. We heave ourselves in. Before taking off, the pilot looks round and holds up his right thumb. The rest of the crew hold up theirs. All is well. The noise increases, is doubled, trebled, deafening in spite of ear plugs. We are moving forward, moving more swiftly. We have left the ground. As soon as we are at the right height I begin sketching. The time goes by. I muse vaguely about art meanwhile. Art is more than national, more than international ; it is supernatural, magic, always has been since cave days, always will be. There. The drawings are finished. We may return. Presently the pilot nudges my elbow. I am sitting on the learner's seat close beside him. What is it now ? What ? He points to the controls and points at me. Does he mean that I am to take a turn ? I hesitate. His reply to my very sensible hesitation is to cross his arms and lean heavily with his head on one side as if sound asleep. Something must be done. I seize the crescent. He is awake again, ready. We have lost height. I pull back. We rise, rise higher. The North Sea is empty of shipping. No, there's a distant convoy. So it is. This is rather delightful. At a pinch, if the pilot were to become a casualty, could I carry on ? I might, I really might. But I certainly could not land. I should just have to go on and on, flying round the world indefinitely.

May 23. Abbeville fallen. Boulogne fallen. Well, as to our next move that rests with the Higher Command, not with me. Defeat ? That is an idea that I've never even glanced at. Have any of us ? Probably not. Better not. In the evening I have just finished a life of Wallenstein, and am beginning Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's Letters.

June 13. At home for another rest. More carrots sown, and the artichokes thinned out to three feet apart should do well. The Germans are only sixteen miles from Paris.

June 14. The first flowers of Campanula Carpatica have appeared, and Helen this afternoon made a delicious cinnamon cake. All down the steep brae towards the river there are foxgloves in full bloom. While raking beechmast into heaps on either side of the drive, I have been watching the cows. They are let out from the byre. They walk very slowly for about five yards, looking straight ahead. Then one of them stops. Gradually they all stop. Why ? Two of them move slowly forward a few steps. A long pause. A few others follow and stop again. Another long pause. Do they want to go anywhere in particular ? Why need they ? A strawberry Ayrshire slowly turns her head. She looked at me for a long while without interest. Then she turns away, having learned nothing. They have nothing to do all day long. A black Galloway, with bracken in her tail, sits down, slowly and heavily. Five minutes later a polled Angus sits down, slowly and heavily. At the end of half an hour they have all sat down. Absolute peace here, and news has just come that the Germans have entered Paris.

So the diary goes on, a continual contrast between busy warlike aerodromes and exquisite days on leave. That was almost a year ago. How angry we felt then, and how obstinate. Today, even more angry and more obstinate, we are surely, I think, feeling much more hopeful.

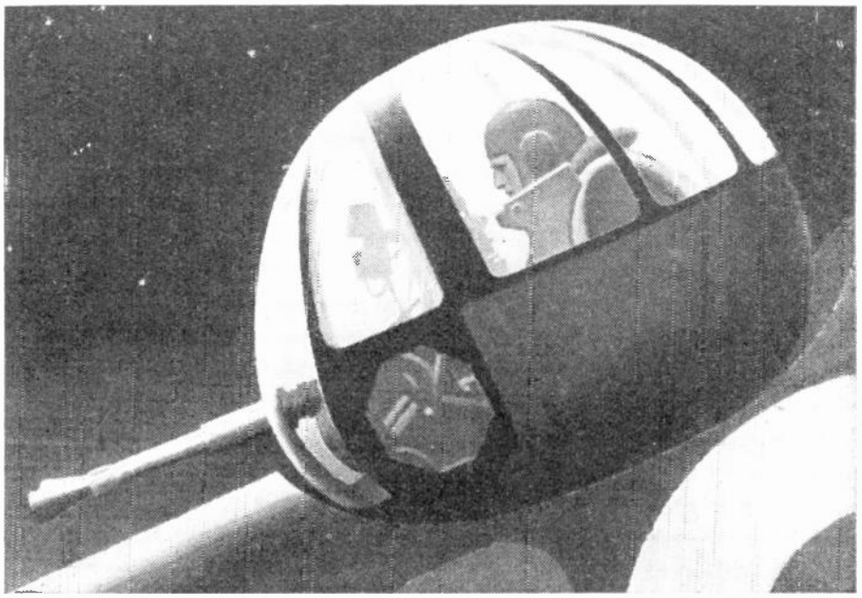
☆ ☆ ☆

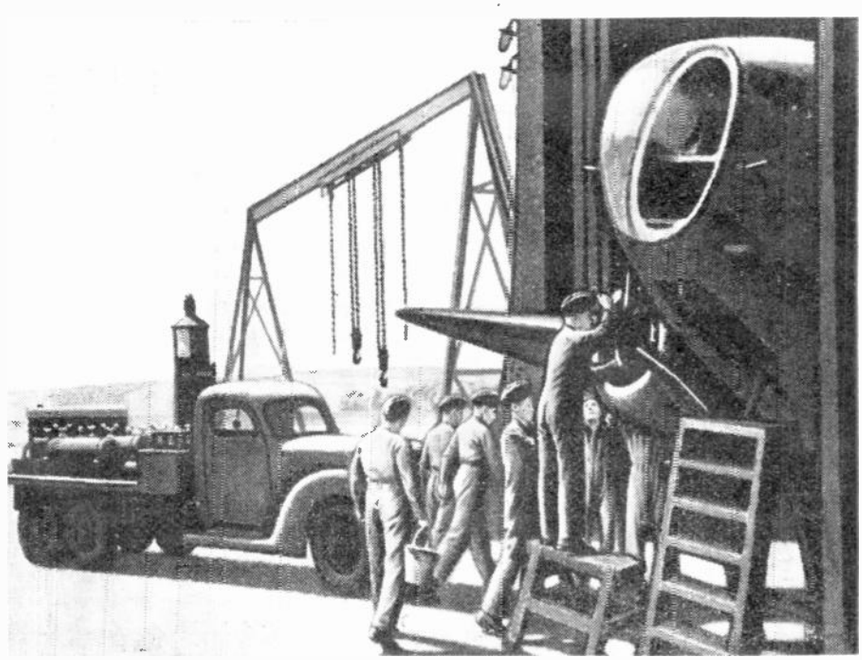
The three paintings reproduced on this page are by the author

Top : ' Air Gunner in Gun Turret, Night '

Centre : ' Leaving for North Sea Patrol, Dawn '

Bottom : ' Repairs to a Bomber '





'We are still here and unconquered'

'The First Time We Heard Big Ben'

Some Letters from Listeners

Correspondence on any interesting subject is warmly welcomed and should be addressed to the Editor, 'London Calling,' BBC, Broadcasting House, London, W.1

LET me tell you of the very first time we heard Big Ben. I had only just grasped the use of the short-wave part of our set, and could find London—that thrilled me—to hear, 'This is London calling,' but when Big Ben came through we all stood—I cannot explain what the urge was, but it certainly acted like the National Anthem.—*Hamilton, New Zealand.*

Defiant Challenge

WE often hear Big Ben boom out his challenge to the world defiantly. It seems to say, 'We are still here and unconquered.' It gives one a queer exultant thrill to hear that boom, so near and yet so very far away. So far that it would be hard for you to visualise our home setting. A rambling old island bungalow, leaf-roofed for coolness, built on posts six feet off the ground and about eight yards away from the water's edge (where, I might add, alligators prowl nightly). A long wharf juts out from the shore beyond the edge of the reef to deeper water, and labour houses for our boys are dotted along the shore together with the store, the usual copra sheds, and the hospital. Far away in the front of us stretches the vast expanse of sea, with only an occasional small island dotted here and there, and beyond them the watery road to Australia. Behind us stretches hundred of acres of coconut palms and small swampy ponds with plenty of wild duck.—*Territory of New Guinea.*

Stinging the Rumps of Hitler's Henchmen

I HAVE my own radio at the small school of fourteen children that is in my charge, and every afternoon I switch over to the BBC. Truly science has carried many boons to the average worker, especially to the man in the outblocks of Australia's vast areas. . . . Probably when you receive this I shall be called up to serve in the R.A.A.F. Reserve, and if fortune smiles upon me I hope to visit London. By that time I hope to lend a hand in bending Hitler's muzzles back upon himself, when our air supremacy will appear like a cloud of deadly hornets to sting the rumps of Hitler's henchmen.—*New South Wales, Australia.*

News from London

No doubt you will be glad to hear how much the BBC Overseas Service is appreciated here in South Africa. Here in Cape Town since the war started all the staff in my office (a large municipal office) have clamoured for news from London, and I have point-blank refused to repeat anything unless I hear it confirmed from London.—*Cape Town, South Africa.*

Three Voices

AROUND Broadcasting House the Battle of Britain ebbs and flows, but the Voice, with its perfect command of the King's English, carries on, never faltering, never wearied or dismayed. Years ago I came across a poem called 'The Three Voices.' It seems to me that at this time there are three voices to whom we listen most eagerly. They are: The Voice of the Announcer, The Voice of Winston Churchill, and the Voice of Big Ben. In all their varying cadences these three are one. It is in that one that Britain speaks!—*Jamaica, British West Indies.*

Cure for Snorers

I HAVE just been listening to a broadcast on life in the railway station shelters, and among other things the announcer mentioned snoring. I wonder whether my remedy has been thought of? I gave it to one of my family who used to snore terribly, and it was a perfect cure. It is this: get about three-quarters of a yard of garter elastic and a small buckle, and sew the elastic to the buckle, making a strap. Place this under the chin and over the top of the head and tighten up comfortably, and when you sleep you will not snore. This remedy has another attraction for ladies, as it acts as a face-lifter.—*Windward Islands, British West Indies.*

'It got us by the heartstrings'

RECENTLY you gave us a treat we shall not readily forget, the Highland Ceilidh. How it warmed our hearts and held our breathless attention as we listened to the Gaelic. We joined in the song, 'Ho Ro Mo Nighean Dunn Bhoibh Each.' We could not understand all the Gaelic, but it got us by the heartstrings. What a piper that was, and how I (myself a piper) enjoyed his playing of 'The Campbells are Coming'; a lovely set of pipes, and splendidly played. But it does not do to dwell on it. We are so far from Bonnie Scotland that a homesickness steals over us.—*Christchurch, New Zealand.*

'His husky, charming voice'

WE are desolate! Why isn't there to be any *London Log*? I think Howard Marshall telling us about the little things of London or country in his husky charming voice is one of the nicest items of the BBC. He tells us the little bits that everyone else leaves out, and somehow he makes one see England so clearly—and love her. When I hear him I feel intensely British and intensely proud of it, though I am Colonial born. Please let us have more talks from him.—*Northern Rhodesia.*

[Howard Marshall gives a talk entitled *News from Home* every Monday in the African Transmission at 20.15 GMT. —*Editor.*]

'Apples and Pears'

MR. HOWARD MARSHALL is in the front row. He is certainly 'apples and pears,' and I would like nothing better than to meet him some day and tell him—with a bottle of fizzy stuff between us—how much I have enjoyed his talks. I hope he will be going strong long after Hitler has been forgotten.—*Greymouth, New Zealand.*

The Soul of London

LISTEN! Here it is: 'This is London calling.' Dear old London, beloved of all the world of free and decent men and women. In my mind's eye I can see her busy streets; I can hear the roar of her ceaseless traffic; I can smell her strange yet homely smells. Why does the smell of heated rubber, burnt petrol, and asphalt roads attract one so much? Is it because they are part and parcel of London—the very soul of her? I experienced all these things when in 1914 I was a member of the New Zealand Expeditionary Force. Then I had no sons—now I have six of them; three of them are now on active service, doing (I hope and trust) their best to lick Hitler and his hordes of madmen. —*Hawkes Bay, New Zealand.*

Inspiration

THE BBC has been an inspiration to us here, and we are indeed grateful for the services it has rendered and is rendering. Your defiant courage during the black weeks of May and June; your resolution during August and July, and during the bombings of September has reproduced for us the sheer pluck of the British people. It is as if broadcasting had developed a soul of its own. He who listens can never doubt Britain's will to win.

Does that sound bombastic? Perhaps it does, but it is true all the same, and that is its justification.—*New South Wales, Australia.*

'Chins Up. There'll Always be an England'

MY wife and I have just returned from a trip to Canada, and we both felt such an affectionate pride in what we saw the Canadians doing. We carried some of the boys wherever they wanted to go—from Windsor, Ontario, to Quebec; and through Toronto and Ottawa we carried soldiers whenever we found they wanted rides; sometimes we carried them as much as 225 miles. We did it because we had a childish feeling that we were in some small measure 'helping the cause.' We also put a sticker on the rear window of our car (we Americans are passionately fond of doing this) which read, 'Chins up. There'll always be an England.' We carried that sticker from Quebec to home—a distance of over 2,500 miles. It is still on the car window, and will stay there until Britain wins.—*Louisiana, U.S.A.*

Australia's Record Knitter

I HAVE been knitting since the war broke out, and have knitted over one thousand ounces of wool into garments for the soldiers. It is the best record in Australia, and I am proud to say I was taught my knitting in England.—*Queensland, Australia.*

Bark of the British Lion

BY the way, the first time you took your mike out to the Ack-Ack barrage for our benefit it came over like the roar of a thousand lions, and I said to my husband that I had never heard anything more real. It was the growling, snarling bark of the British lion.—*Victoria, Australia.*

All's Well

WE are always specially glad to hear the voice of Big Ben, who in the midst of danger, stress, and strain seems to chant in his well-known chimes:

'All's well! All's well!
God bless you all!
When Big Ben's bell
Sends out his call.'

That inspiring and unwavering call seems at once to be a clarion-call to the great crusade for freedom, and the death-knell of the rapacious vampires of Europe.—*Auckland, New Zealand.*

Question to the R.A.F.

THE Americans call minced meat Hamburger—we are glad to know the R.A.F. are making Hamburger out of Hamburg. And might I ask if there is anything left of Ham but the bone?—*Quebec, Canada.*

The Opinion of Custian

AS you know, all our servants in this country are natives. I have a man of about forty-eight who has served us for the past twenty-five years. Custian speaks English quite well, and is a very keen listener—in fact if I have to go to market early some mornings he switches on so as to be able to tell me the news when I return. I thought you might like his opinion of your broadcasts. Here it is: 'ask the inkoosikaas (mistress) if she will please always every day say what our airplanes did yesterday to Germany.' He considers it the height of stupidity of us to bother to pick up from the sea any German airmen who has baled out.—*Natal, South Africa.*

The World Today

What Broadcasters have been saying

How British Communiqués about Enemy Air Raids are drawn up

An Air Ministry official recently explained to listeners at Home that the first and most important consideration is to prevent valuable information from reaching the enemy. This is what he said :—

ON my way up to London the other day I gave a man a lift, and as we drove along we started talking. After a time he said to me: 'I always listen in to the 8 o'clock News in the morning, but I can't make out why the Air Ministry doesn't give us more details and say what places have been bombed during the night. The Germans must know where they are.'

I told him something of what I knew on the subject, and this is roughly what I said: First, these communiqués cannot pretend to do more than give you a brief survey of the night's activity over the whole country—a bird's-eye view. If, therefore, you have had a bomb near your house, or if perhaps even worse things have happened to you or your neighbours, don't get angry with us when we describe the raids in your area as 'slight.' The word 'slight' was chosen, perhaps, because in some other part of the country a severe or very heavy raid indeed had taken place—and by comparison the raid in your area was slight.

Secondly, we must be in a position to have an accurate picture, even if it is a general one, ready in communiqué form by 7.30 in the morning. Now, when you think that the last of the German bombers may hardly have left the country by that time, you will realise that we must work fast. I wonder how many of you who are wardens, and others in the chain of communications, realise how much we owe to you and how dependent we are on the speed and the accuracy of your reports.

Then, there are what are called 'security restrictions.' From the point of view of Defence, the ideal condition would be that no news whatever of the effect of bombing raids should reach the enemy. In a democracy like ours, of course, we are not frightened of the truth; but when we are at war, we do have to guard against the fact that vital information, once it has been published, will reach the Germans sooner or later, and it is essential that no vital, useful information should reach them.

You may be thinking: Why is this information useful? Well, one of the reasons why we refer vaguely to 'a town in the North-West' or to 'a town on the Bristol Channel' is that often many of the German pilots really do not know where they are or where they have dropped their bombs. It would be foolish to tell them that their pilots have mistaken the targets or had not reached them or to confirm their claims.

Similarly, we do not immediately tell you that a particular building or monument has been hit because that would tell the Germans that bombs had fallen in a certain area during a particular raid and perhaps even from a particular aircraft. Nor do we normally let them know what effect particular types of bombs have had. We don't want to keep you in the dark, but we can only tell you what can't help the enemy; and we do always tell you, as soon as we can and whenever we can, and as soon as we are satisfied that there is no danger.

The Germans, of course, in describing our raids on them, have a much simpler system: they just tell lies. They sometimes announce loudly that a particular objective has not been hit; we then draw our own deductions—so, of course, can the German civilians on the spot!

So when you hear our communiqués, do not say impatiently, 'Why the devil do not they tell us more?'—say instead, 'Well, the German Intelligence won't get very fat on that!' That is the first and most important objective. You will be interested to know, too, that our system works. Not long ago the German propaganda broadcast in English advised listeners in Great Britain to write to their M.P.s and demand more information on air raids. Exactly! The Germans are short of information—and we are determined to keep them short. By the way, how much information do those responsible for the German communiqués give us about the results of our raids on their territory? Have you ever thought of that?—and they're no fools. Knaves, yes, but no fools.

☆ ☆ ☆

From the Granite City of Aberdeen

The Scottish city of Aberdeen has been spasmodically bombed by the Nazis. R. F. Dunnett tells this story, which is typical of many others

I SEND you this report from the granite city of Aberdeen, from the city that has known a special kind of blitz since the earliest days of the war. Aberdeen is no Coventry or Swansea. The granite houses stand firm and sparkle in the frosty sunlight and the people sleep in their homes at night. None the less, this town knows the war and the sound of enemy bombers—single hit-and-run raiders appearing suddenly from out of the sea and loosing off their bombs without regard.

I saw the effect of one such raid. For longer than they can easily remember, a family lived in a small stone house in a poor quarter of the town. Their two small rooms were filled with the evidence of having long been a warm shelter from the world of a labourer's life. Dating back to the time when the oldest member of the family, now eighty-two, was a bonny lass, courting on the banks of the royal River Dee, were the black and white spotted china dogs on the mantelpiece. The special pets of the youngest member of the family, the slim, auburn-haired vivacious daughter, were the budgie in his cage and the goldfish in their bowl—that is if you exclude the young, the very young, English airman spending his leave with his sweetheart.

The father and mother in middle life, after years of hard work, had still the cheerful courage and endurance of the North-East. Father, in addition to his work, is a warden, and mother is leader of the fire-fighting team in that particular group of houses. For they work hard, these people; they don't earn much; they seek to protect themselves in the home the years have mellowed round about them—like many another family in many a Scottish town.

Early one winter evening while the husband was at the kitchen sink preparing some fish for his tea, and the wife was working in the other room making nets, which she does for pin money, and the old lady was alone with her memories by the fire, a single German raider floated in from the sea and tried to destroy them all.

He failed. He blew in their windows and he cut a jagged hole in the roof, but not one of them was harmed, although some of their neighbours were. Late into the night they were out helping their neighbours. Early into the morning they were helping themselves. The little home rocked for a moment and then was safe. They swept up the glass and plaster. They replaced the curtain, the nets, and the ornaments. They failed to rescue the fish from the cat, which had displayed the opportunism of its race and seized the chance of the moment.

But almost I would say that that family suffered no shock at all. All that carelessly-delivered bomb did was to prove to them practically what they had long believed in their own minds—that this is a war to protect just such homes as they possess and love.

☆ ☆ ☆

Poles in Glasgow

James S. Adam tells of the courage and enterprise of a Polish refugee couple who have started a Polish language class in Glasgow

THE other Sunday night I looked in on a little class which had just been started in Glasgow. It was a language class for the teaching of Polish. There are quite a number of unusual languages being taught here now—perhaps I should qualify that and say unusual to Glasgow and Scotland.

But this little Polish class in a large sitting-room in one of Glasgow's Victorian houses held my interest for this reason. It was conducted by a Polish refugee engineer and his journalist wife. It may not have been a scientific approach to teaching, but it had personality. And there is a story of courage behind it. I would have thought that the business of earning a living in middle age in a strange country after seeing all one's hopes and gains broken and destroyed would have been enough to tackle. But this engineer, who is now working in a Glasgow factory, and his journalist wife, who is writing and editing a Polish column for a Scottish newspaper, have found other jobs to do.

They issue a daily mimeographed summary of the day's news in Polish for the men of the Polish Army in Scotland. Once a week they publish a bi-lingual four-page sheet, which they have called *The Clasp o' Freenship*. And now together they conduct a language class on Sunday evenings. Not to make money—they couldn't on the basis on which they run it. The fee for twelve lessons is a three months' subscription to their paper—2s. 6d. that is. And I doubt if even the paper washes its face. Their work is a gallant endeavour, a pouring out of their energies in service for the country from which they have been torn, and which itself lies bleeding under a tyrant's heel.

The members of the class were strangers to one another, and the initial shyness made it impossible to find out what varied motives had brought them there. But their reasons for coming did not matter so much as the fact that they were present and were getting to know something of the language of another people. We have a lot of refugees in Britain now—men and women who would be an asset to any country, as they are to us at this moment—and it is good that these friendly intimate exchanges of knowledge should take place. In such gatherings we are made to remember something we must all never forget—that this is not a war for the balance of power, a struggle between one 'ism and another, but a fight to preserve the decent ordinary human beings whose standards are just the same as our own. It is a fight to help those who have been crushed and struck down to rise up again once more.

These friendly human contacts emphasise to us that we in Britain cannot regard ourselves as detached from Europe, that we cannot expect ever to isolate ourselves from the problems of our fellows. We are all too closely bound by what happens to one another.

PROGRAMMES FOR THE BBC's

APRIL 6-12, 1941

North American Transmission

5.20-11.15 EST (22.20-04.15 GMT)

Last-minute changes in programmes are sometimes unavoidable, and listeners should listen each day to 'London calling . . . ,' a period devoted to news about BBC programmes and to special announcements. Listeners should note that the bold-faced timings throughout the North American programmes are Eastern Standard Time—Greenwich Mean Time is given in light-face type

The Wavelengths on which to Listen

North America	GSL	49.10 m.	(6.11 Mc/s)
	GSC	31.32 m.	(9.58 Mc/s)
Western Canada	GSC	31.32 m.	(9.58 Mc/s)
Central America	GRY	31.25 m.	(9.60 Mc/s)
	GSD	25.53 m.	(11.75 Mc/s)
South America	GSC	31.32 m.	(9.58 Mc/s)
	GSD	25.53 m.	(11.75 Mc/s)

Derek Oldham sings in 'Starlight' on Sunday at 8.15 p.m. EST

Sunday, April 6

EST (*GMT*)
(p.m.)

5.20 22.20 LONDON CALLING . . .
Preview of the day's programmes

5.25 22.25 SONG RECITAL
by Miriam Licette (soprano)

5.45 22.45 THE NEWS

6.0 23.00 QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR

6.15 23.15 TROISE AND HIS BANJOLIERS

6.45 23.45 News in French

7.0 00.00 THE NEWS

7.15 00.15 PALM SUNDAY SERVICE
Address by the Rev. Canon Eric S. Abbott

CANON ABBOTT began his ministry in London as curate to the Rev. C. Salisbury Woodward, Vicar of St. John's, Smith Square, Westminster, and Canon of Westminster Abbey. (Canon Woodward, now Bishop of Bristol, gave the address in the Service on February 23.)

After holding the Chaplaincy of King's College, London, Mr. Abbott went to Lincoln to become Principal of the Theological College there. He will also give the address at the Good Friday service this week, and on Easter Sunday.

7.45 00.45 LISTENING POST

7.50 00.50 LONDON CALLING . . .

8.0 01.00 RELIGION UNDER FIRE
A talk by the Rev. Ivor Evans

8.15 01.15 STARLIGHT
Derek Oldham (baritone)
Compère: Gerry Wilmot

DEREK OLDHAM, as his very name suggests, is a North-countryman. He was born in Accrington, Lancashire, forty-nine years ago.

His stage career began in April 1914 when he appeared as Julien in an operetta, *The Daring of Diane*. Then came the Great War, and like many other young actors of his day, he joined the Army. His service was distinguished. He began as a ranker in the Scots Guards and a year later was commissioned in the East Lancs Regiment. In 1917 he was mentioned in despatches from France. In 1918 he was awarded the Military Cross in Macedonia.

After demobilisation he joined the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, and until 1922 played important parts in such well-known Gilbert and Sullivan operas as *The Gondoliers*, *Iolanthe*, *The Mikado*, and *The Yeomen of the Guard*. Latterly his name has been chiefly associated with famous musical comedies such as *Madame Pompadour*, *Rose Marie*, and *The Vagabond King*. In many of these he co-starred with his beautiful and talented wife, Winnie Melville, whose untimely death in 1937 was a serious blow to the stage.

Your news commentators: (right) J. B. McGeachy, and (left) Lindley Fraser. (See Sunday and Monday at 8.45 p.m. EST)

Derek Oldham has a rare combination of gifts. He is a good actor and a fine singer. He is equally at home in opera and musical comedy. He has made many excellent gramophone records of songs, light and more serious, and he has broadcast frequently in a variety of rôles. But he has one ambition still unfulfilled—to play Feste in *Twelfth Night*.

8.30 01.30 BRITAIN SPEAKS
A talk by J. B. Priestley

8.45 01.45 HEADLINE NEWS AND VIEWS
Commentator: J. B. McGeachy

J. B. MCGEACHY likes to call himself a 'journalist pure and simple.' It's his boast that he's 'never written a book.'

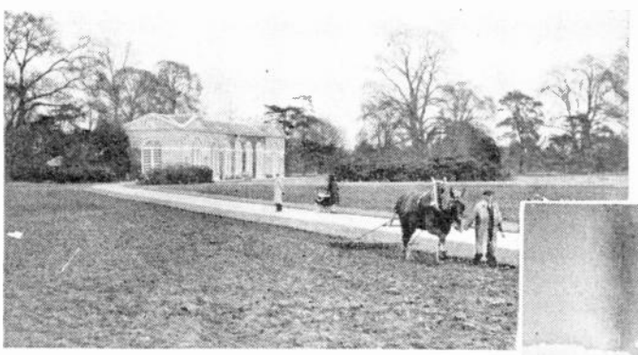
He has been in the newspaper game for twenty years. Three of these were spent as Washington (D.C.) correspondent for the Winnipeg Free Press and the Associated Papers of Canada, when he covered, among other big stories, the Roosevelt-Landon election. He has also been a Press Gallery man in the Canadian Parliament at Ottawa, and a contributor to papers as far apart geographically as the *New York Times* and the *Manchester Guardian*.

McGeachy is of Highland stock, though he was born in Glasgow, where he received his early education. He emigrated to Canada when he was fourteen, and studied at Saskatchewan and Toronto Universities before going on to Princeton (U.S.A.).

Journalism was his passion from the first moment he began to think about a career—so much so that though he won a Rhodes Scholarship to Oxford he took the unique course of not using it. Journalism has held him ever since. It brought him to London after Munich, and it has kept him here in spite of the blitz. A journalist's place, he argues, is not necessarily at home. It is in any part of the world where big things are happening. He now broadcasts regularly in the North American Transmission at 8.45 EST (01.45 GMT) except on Mondays and Tuesdays, when his place is taken by Lindley Fraser.

Kew Gardens

A feature programme on the occasion of the Centenary of these famous London gardens will be broadcast on Sunday at 9.15 p.m. EST



KEW Gardens are now regarded as one of the show places of London. But a hundred years ago, of course, Kew seemed comparatively far removed from the capital. It was, in fact, a small village consisting of a few buildings built on the north side of a green; and to reach it from the city, either by boat or carriage, was quite a journey.

Yet Kew has long historic associations. Towards the end of the 17th century, Kew House belonged to Lord Capel of Tewkesbury, and it was he who first laid out the exotic gardens. Years later Kew House passed into the hands of King George III. With the help of William Aiton and Sir Joseph Banks he lavished considerable sums of money on improving the gardens, which had never been neglected, and he also bought Dutch House, which is now known as Kew Palace, and which was used by him as the Royal Nursery. In 1840 the whole of this estate was given to the Government, and was administered in the first place by the Department of Woods and Forests.

The Royal Botanical Gardens, whose centenary this programme celebrates, originally covered only eleven acres. They have since been increased to seventy-five acres, with pleasure grounds of 270 acres adjoining, and now contain besides their historic beauties, botanical museums, a library, and a magnificent herbarium. *(Our illustrations show one of the Magnolia trees in bloom, and above a wartime scene: the beautiful lawns are being ploughed up to grow vegetables.)*

9.0 02.00 THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN
BBC Scottish Orchestra
Leader, J. Mouland Begbie
Conducted by Ian Whyte
Suite: The Royal Water Music...*Handel, arr. Harty*

THIS famous Suite was composed in honour of King George I of England, and derives its name from the fact that it was written to accompany the Royal Barge in a ceremonial journey down the Thames in 1715.

9.15 02.15 KEW CENTENARY
A programme written and produced by Stephen Potter

9.45 02.45 TONIGHT WE PRESENT . . .
Folk songs of the Allied Nations
sung by Engel Lund (soprano)
with Ferdinand Rauter at the piano

NORWAY
O Ola, Ola (Love lament); and Naa ska en liten (Cradle song)
FRANCE
J'ai vu le loup, le renard, la lièvre (The wolf, the fox, and the hare)
BELGIUM
Ah, Lambert
HOLLAND
Jesuken en Janneken (Little Jesus and St. John)
CZECHOSLOVAKIA
Tenkrate bude Victoria (Then there will be Victory)
(Arrangements by Ferdinand Rauter)

ENGEL LUND is a well-known specialist in the folk-music of all nations, and sings most of the songs in her repertoire in their original languages. Her husband, Ferdinand Rauter, is responsible for all the arrangements and acts as her accompanist.

10.0 03.00 DEMOCRACY MARCHES
A talk

10.15 03.15 AT YOUR REQUEST
Items chosen by listeners

10.30 03.30 RADIO NEWSREEL

11.0 04.00 THE EPILOGUE

11.10 04.10 Interlude

11.15 04.15 BRITAIN SPEAKS
A talk by J. B. Priestley

11.30 04.30 THE NEWS

11.45 04.45 Close down

Monday, April 7

EST (p.m.) (*GMT*)

5.20 22.20 LONDON CALLING . . .

5.25 22.25 HYMNS WE LOVE
Presented by Herbert Ridout

5.45 22.45 THE NEWS

6.0 23.00 QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR

6.15 23.15 'HELLO, CHILDREN'
A programme for the children evacuated from the British Isles to Canada and the U.S.A.

6.45 23.45 News in French

7.0 00.00 THE NEWS

7.15 00.15 CANADA CALLS FROM LONDON
'With the Troops in Britain'
in collaboration with the CBC

7.45 00.45 LISTENING POST

7.50 00.50 LONDON CALLING . . .

8.0 01.00 MATTERS OF MOMENT
A talk

8.15 01.15 STARLIGHT
Edmundo Ros and his Cubans
Compère: Gerry Wilmot

8.30 01.30 BRITAIN SPEAKS
A talk by Leslie Howard

8.45 01.45 HEADLINE NEWS AND VIEWS
Commentator: Lindley Fraser

LINDLEY FRASER'S experience of journalism began in 1940, when he joined the BBC to broadcast news commentaries. Yet he's just brought off what is likely to remain one of the biggest scoops of the war. Under the very noses of Britain's ace reporters he got an exclusive message from Wendell Willkie to the German people. It was broadcast on February 5.

Lindley Fraser's career up to the outbreak of war was purely academic. Son of a clergyman, he was born in Edinburgh in 1904. A classical education culminated in his winning a classical exhibition to Balliol College, Oxford. Later he held a visiting fellowship at Princeton (U.S.A.) and took his Ph.D. at Brookings Institution, Washington (D.C.). From 1935-1939 he was Professor of Political Economy at Aberdeen.

Now he has dropped his professorship—at any rate for the duration. No one meeting him for the first time would suspect that he had ever held it. For he could hardly look less like the conventional professor. He is an outdoor type—burly, genial, with tawny, crinkly hair and an obvious zest for life.

He has a close link with Canada, for in 1932 he married Elspet Mackenzie, daughter of Dr. Ridley Mackenzie, and grand-niece of the late Lord Mountstephen.

Since he joined the BBC, Fraser had been speaking to Germany, and his talks have been one of the foremost features of British broadcasting in German for many months

9.0 02.00 THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN
From the Land of Song
A programme of Welsh music with Margaret Rees (soprano), Idris Daniels (bass-baritone), the BBC Singers
and the BBC Orchestra (Section C)
conducted by Idris Lewis

9.15 02.15 BBC ORCHESTRA (Section A)
conducted by Clarence Raybould
Suite, Háry János.....*Kodály*

9.45 02.45 TONIGHT WE PRESENT . . .
Jack Simpson and his Sextet
with Betty Kent

10.0 03.00 DEMOCRACY MARCHES
A talk by H. N. Brailsford

10.15 03.15 AT YOUR REQUEST
Items chosen by listeners

10.30 03.30 RADIO NEWSREEL

11.0 04.00 THE DAILY SERVICE

11.5 04.05 Interlude

11.15 04.15 BRITAIN SPEAKS
A talk by Leslie Howard

11.30 04.30 THE NEWS

11.45 04.45 Close down

Tuesday, April 8

EST (p.m.) (*GMT*)

5.20 22.20 LONDON CALLING . . .

5.25 22.25 WEST INDIAN PARTY
Arranged and commèred by Una Marson

5.45 22.45 THE NEWS

6.0 23.00 QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR
A talk by Vernon Bartlett, M.P.

6.15 23.15 BBC MILITARY BAND
conducted by William J. Matthews
March, National Emblem.....*Bagley*
Waltz, The Grenadiers.....*Waldteufel*
Suite, The Children's Corner: 1 Serenade for the Doll; 2 The little Shepherd; 3 The Golliwog's Cake Walk.....*Debussy*
Caprice Viennois.....*Kreisler*
Overture, The Yeomen of the Guard.....*Sullivan*

6.45 23.45 News in French

7.0 00.00 THE NEWS

7.15 00.15 CANADA CALLS FROM LONDON
'Message from Sandy'
Sandy Macpherson at the Theatre Organ sending messages in music from Canadian and American soldiers
in collaboration with the CBC

7.45 00.45 LISTENING POST

7.50 00.50 LONDON CALLING . . .

8.0 01.00 THE CHALUMEAU ENSEMBLE
Light music for clarinet and strings

8.15 01.15 STARLIGHT
'The Canadians Sing'
Compère: Gerry Wilmot

8.30 01.30 BRITAIN SPEAKS
A talk by J. L. Hodson

8.45 01.45 HEADLINE NEWS AND VIEWS
Commentator: Lindley Fraser

9.0 02.00 THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN
First Dance Rhapsody, by Delius
played by the BBC Orchestra (Section A)
Leader: Paul Beard
Conductor: Sir Adrian Boult

DELIUS wrote two 'Dance Rhapsodies' largely based on English folk tunes. This one was first performed at a Hereford Festival in 1909.

9.15 02.15 NORTHERN LIGHTS
A miscellany

9.45 02.45 TONIGHT WE PRESENT . . .

10.0 03.00 DEMOCRACY MARCHES
A talk by William Holt

10.15 03.15 AT YOUR REQUEST
Items chosen by listeners

10.30 03.30 RADIO NEWSREEL

11.0 04.00 THE DAILY SERVICE

11.5 04.05 Interlude

11.15 04.15 BRITAIN SPEAKS
A talk by J. L. Hodson

11.30 04.30 THE NEWS

11.45 04.45 Close down

Wednesday, April 9

EST (p.m.) (*GMT*)

5.20 22.20 LONDON CALLING . . .

5.25 22.25 PROGRAMME FOR NEWFOUNDLAND AND LABRADOR

5.45 22.45 THE NEWS

6.0 23.00 QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR
A talk by Captain Cyril Falls

6.15 23.15 'SOMETHING GOING ON IN ENGLAND NOW'
Presented by Cecil Madden

6.45 23.45 News in French

7.0 00.00 THE NEWS

7.15 00.15 CANADA CALLS FROM LONDON
'Jean-Baptiste s'en va-ten Guerre'
French-Canadians tell Jacques des Baillets of military life in Britain today
'British Sketchbook'
Sound pictures of everyday life in Great Britain presented by H. Rooney Pelletier

7.45 00.45 LISTENING POST

7.50 00.50 LONDON CALLING . . .

8.0 01.00 THE PEOPLE OF BRITAIN
A talk

8.15 01.15 STARLIGHT
Vera Lynn and Sid Bright
Compère: Gerry Wilmot

8.30 01.30 BRITAIN SPEAKS
A talk by Lieut.-Commander Thomas Woodrooffe

8.45 01.45 HEADLINE NEWS AND VIEWS
Commentator: J. B. McGeachy

9.0 02.00 THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN
Motets by Stanford and Bax
sung by the BBC Chorus
Conductor: Leslie Woodgate
Coelos ascendit hodie..... } *Stanford*
Beati quorum via..... }
This worldes joie.....*Bax*

9.15 02.15 A FEATURE PROGRAMME

9.45 02.45 TONIGHT WE PRESENT . . .
Frank Biffo's Brass Quintet
Busybodies.....*Curzon*
Until.....*Sanderson*
Laughing marionette.....*Collins*
Valse triste.....*Sibelius*
Parade of the sunbeams.....*Maclean*

10.0 03.00 DEMOCRACY MARCHES
A talk

10.15 03.15 AT YOUR REQUEST
Items chosen by listeners

10.30 03.30 RADIO NEWSREEL

11.0 04.00 THE DAILY SERVICE

11.5 04.05 Interlude

11.15 04.15 BRITAIN SPEAKS
A talk by Lieut.-Commander Thomas Woodrooffe

11.30 04.30 THE NEWS

11.45 04.45 Close down

Thursday, April 10

EST (p.m.) (*GMT*)

5.20 22.20 LONDON CALLING . . .

5.25 22.25 NEWSLETTER FOR THE WEST INDIES

5.45 22.45 THE NEWS

6.0 23.00 QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR

6.15 23.15 'FOR FAME AND FORTUNE'
A play by Lalage Pulvertaft
produced by John Cheatle

Reproduction of a portrait by H. James Gunn of the great English composer Delius, whose first Dance Rhapsody will be played by the BBC Orchestra at 9 p.m. EST on Tuesday. Delius died at Grez-sur-Loing, near Fontainebleau, France, in 1934 at the age of 71

6.45 23.45 News in French
7.0 00.00 THE NEWS
7.15 00.15 CANADA CALLS FROM LONDON
including
'Les Voix françaises'
French men and women speak from Britain to French-Canadian listeners
7.45 00.45 LISTENING POST
7.50 00.50 LONDON CALLING . . .
8.0 01.00 LIGHT MUSIC FROM WALES
8.15 01.15 STARLIGHT
Arthur Young (novachord)
and Bruce Trent (songs)
Compère: Gerry Wilmot
8.30 01.30 BRITAIN SPEAKS
A talk by Alexander Keith
8.45 01.45 HEADLINE NEWS AND VIEWS
Commentator: J. B. McGeachy
9.0 02.00 THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN
'Mont Juich' (Suite of Catalan Dances)
by Lennox Berkeley and Benjamin Britten
played by the BBC Scottish Orchestra
Leader: J. Mouland Begbie
Conductor: Guy Warrack

THIS suite of Catalan Dances owes its origin to a visit which the two composers paid to Barcelona in 1936. They went there to attend a Festival of the International Society for Contemporary Music, and during their stay were much impressed by performances they heard of Catalan dances given by the local 'cobla' orchestras with their characteristic instruments which include a kind of pipe and tabor, peculiar to these parts. The two composers, with these tunes fresh in their heads, thereupon collaborated in the composition of this suite, which was broadcast for the first time in 1937, and subsequently performed at a Promenade Concert in London in September 1939. The work takes its name from the famous hill overlooking the harbour at Barcelona.

Lennox Berkeley studied in Paris under Nadia Boulanger, and several of his compositions have been broadcast and performed at Festivals of the I.S.C.M.

Benjamin Britten, who is now living in America, is one of the most gifted of the younger British composers. His works have been frequently broadcast and performed both in England and abroad; among the best known are the Choral Variations 'A Boy was Born'; the 'Variations on a Theme of Frank Bridge' for string orchestra; and 'Our Hunting Fathers' (poem by W. H. Auden), a symphonic cycle for soprano and orchestra.

9.15 02.15 'SALUTE THE STARS AND STRIPES'
A programme of modern American light music
presented by the BBC Salon Orchestra
Leader: Jean Pougnet
Conductor: Leslie Bridgewater

March of the toys.....*Victor Herbert*
The man I love.....*Gershwin*
Alice Blue (Three shades of blue).....*Ferdie Grofe*
Ol' Man River.....*Jerome Kern*
Sleeping lotuses; and Riksha boy.....*Henry Hadley*
In the still of the night.....*Cole Porter*
Caravan.....*Duke Ellington*

9.45 02.45 TONIGHT WE PRESENT . . .
10.0 03.00 DEMOCRACY MARCHES
A talk
10.15 03.15 AT YOUR REQUEST
Items chosen by listeners
10.30 03.30 RADIO NEWSREEL
11.0 04.00 THE DAILY SERVICE
11.5 04.05 Interlude
11.15 04.15 BRITAIN SPEAKS
A talk by Alexander Keith
11.30 04.30 THE NEWS
11.45 04.45 Close down

Friday, April 11

EST (*GMT*)
(p.m.)

5.20 22.20 LONDON CALLING . . .
5.25 22.25 'SPEAK OF THE DEVIL'—8
A serial thriller by J. Dickson Carr
produced by Val Gielgud
5.45 22.45 THE NEWS
6.0 23.00 QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR
A talk by Oliver Stewart
6.15 23.15 GOOD FRIDAY SERVICE
Address by the Rev. Canon Eric S. Abbott
6.45 23.45 News in French
7.0 00.00 THE NEWS
7.15 00.15 CANADA CALLS FROM LONDON
'Quiz for the Forces'
Friday night at the Beaver Club
in collaboration with the CBC
7.45 00.45 LISTENING POST
7.50 00.50 LONDON CALLING . . .
8.0 01.00 IN MY OPINION
A talk
8.15 01.15 STARLIGHT
Moiseiwitsch
Compère: Gerry Wilmot
8.30 01.30 BRITAIN SPEAKS
A talk by Philip Noel Baker, M.P.
8.45 01.45 HEADLINE NEWS AND VIEWS
Commentator: J. B. McGeachy
9.0 02.00 THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN
Frank Bridge (1879-1941)
First broadcast performance of his Overture,
'Rebus'
played by the BBC Orchestra (Section A)
Leader: Paul Beard
conducted by Sir Henry J. Wood

FRANK BRIDGE, who died on January 10, 1941, at the age of 61, was well-known as composer, conductor, and viola player. He specialised in chamber music, but also composed for the orchestra. Perhaps the best known of his orchestral works is the 'Lament' for strings, which he wrote in 1915 in memory of a child victim of the *Lusitania* tragedy. All his works are characterised by workmanship of a very high quality and genuine lyrical feeling.

This overture was only completed five months before the composer's death, and received its first concert performance in London in February 1941, under the direction of Sir Henry J. Wood, conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra.

The composer originally intended that the work should be entitled 'Rumour;' but after the outbreak of war he abandoned this idea and substituted the present title. The work is in free variation form, based on a theme which persists throughout, although undergoing many transformations.

9.15 02.15 THE LAST BATTLE
A feature programme by P. H. Burton
9.45 02.45 TONIGHT WE PRESENT . . .
Polish Carols sung by the Polish Tertzet
Tadeusz Szymonowicz (tenor), Zygmunt Kozlowski (baritone), Stanislaw Lobaziewicz (bass), and Tadeusz Jerecki (accompanist and arranger)
In the Manger He lies; The Lord is now Born; Brothers Behold; When Christ is Born; Shepherds hasten; The Angel tells the Shepherds; Now Midnight has passed; Lullaby Little Jesus

ALL the members of this trio are well-known in the operatic world throughout Europe. Jerecki, the chorus-master and conductor, is a distinguished Polish musician, who worked in opera in America before coming to England.

The programme consists of national carols which have been arranged by Jerecki for male-voice trio—an unusual and effective combination.

10.0 03.00 DEMOCRACY MARCHES
'World Affairs'
A talk by H. Wickham Steed
10.15 03.15 AT YOUR REQUEST
Items chosen by listeners
10.30 03.30 RADIO NEWSREEL
11.0 04.00 EPILOGUE
11.5 04.05 Interlude
11.15 04.15 BRITAIN SPEAKS
A talk by Philip Noel Baker, M.P.
11.30 04.30 THE NEWS
11.45 04.45 Close down

Saturday, April 12

EST (*GMT*)
(p.m.)

5.20 22.20 LONDON CALLING . . .
5.25 22.25 A WEST INDIAN CHOIR
5.45 22.45 THE NEWS
6.0 23.00 QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR
A talk by Lieut.-Commander Thomas Woodrooffe
6.15 23.15 'IN TOWN TONIGHT'
Once again we stop the London Traffic in order to introduce to you some of the interesting people who are in Town Tonight
introducing
'Standing in the shelter'
(Interviews with the man in the shelter)
Edited and produced by C. F. Meehan
6.45 23.45 News in French
7.0 00.00 THE NEWS
7.15 00.15 CANADA CALLS FROM LONDON
'Cahiers Français'
A potpourri for French-Canadian listeners
in collaboration with the CBC
7.45 00.45 LISTENING POST
7.50 00.50 LONDON CALLING . . .
8.0 01.00 'THE EXPLOITS OF BELINDA LOU'—3
A serial thriller by Norman Edwards
produced by Howard Rose
8.15 01.15 OFF THE RECORD
H. Rooney Pelletier tells you about lighter London illustrated with popular music of the moment
8.20 01.20 BRITAIN SPEAKS
A talk
8.45 01.45 HEADLINE NEWS AND VIEWS
Commentator: J. B. McGeachy
9.0 02.00 WEEKLY VISIT TO THE AMERICAN EAGLE CLUB
9.15 02.15 MOVEMENT OF SHIPPING
A feature programme
by John Gough and Gordon Gildard
9.45 02.45 TONIGHT WE PRESENT . . .
Three Choral Preludes by Bach
arranged by Zoltán Kodály
played by Florence Hooton (cello), and Kendall Taylor (pianoforte)
What then is our life; Our Father, which art in Heaven; Christ, who maketh us blessed
10.0 03.00 DEMOCRACY MARCHES
A talk by Pamela Frankau
10.15 03.15 AT YOUR REQUEST
Items chosen by listeners
10.30 03.30 RADIO NEWSREEL
11.0 04.00 THE DAILY SERVICE
11.5 04.05 LONDON CALLING . . .
The week's programmes
11.15 04.15 BRITAIN SPEAKS
A talk
11.30 04.30 THE NEWS
11.45 04.45 Close down

BBC World Service in English

April 6–12, 1941

Programmes for Pacific, Eastern, and African Transmissions

PACIFIC TRANSMISSION
06.10-10.00

Australia	GSB	9.51 Mc/s (31.55 m.)
	GSD	11.75 Mc/s (25.53 m.)
(from 07.30)	GSF	15.14 Mc/s (19.82 m.)
New Zealand	GSB	9.51 Mc/s (31.55 m.)
	GSI	15.26 Mc/s (19.66 m.)
(from 07.30)	GSF	15.14 Mc/s (19.82 m.)
Oceania	GSI	15.26 Mc/s (19.66 m.)
Central America	as for Australia	
South America	GSB	9.51 Mc/s (31.55 m.)
S. and W. Africa	GSI	15.26 Mc/s (19.66 m.)
(to 07.00)	GRY	9.60 Mc/s (31.25 m.)
(from 07.30)	GSV	17.81 Mc/s (16.84 m.)
Near East (to 07.30)	GSC	9.58 Mc/s (31.32 m.)
(from 07.30)	GSP	15.31 Mc/s (19.60 m.)
Far East (from 07.30)	GSF	15.14 Mc/s (19.82 m.)

EASTERN TRANSMISSION
10.55-13.30; 13.45-16.30

India, Burma, and Malaya		
(to 13.30)	GSF	15.14 Mc/s (19.82 m.)
(to 13.30)	GSG	17.79 Mc/s (16.86 m.)
(from 13.45)	GSB	9.51 Mc/s (31.55 m.)
(from 13.45)	GSD	11.75 Mc/s (25.53 m.)
Far East (to 13.00)	GSI	15.26 Mc/s (19.66 m.)
(to 13.30)	GSD	11.75 Mc/s (25.53 m.)
(from 13.45)	GRU	9.45 Mc/s (31.75 m.)
Australia	as for India	
New Zealand	as for Far East	
E., S., and W. Africa (to 13.30)	GSH	21.47 Mc/s (13.97 m.)
(from 13.45)	GSG	17.79 Mc/s (16.86 m.)
South America	GST	21.55 Mc/s (13.92 m.)
Central America (from 12.00)	GSJ	21.53 Mc/s (13.93 m.)
North America (to 12.00)	GRY	9.60 Mc/s (31.25 m.)
(from 12.15)	GSV	17.81 Mc/s (16.84 m.)

AFRICAN TRANSMISSION
16.55-22.00

South Africa	GSD	11.75 Mc/s (25.53 m.)
(to 19.00)	GSI	15.26 Mc/s (19.66 m.)
(from 19.00)	GRY	9.60 Mc/s (31.25 m.)
East Africa	GRY	9.60 Mc/s (31.25 m.)
	GSF	15.14 Mc/s (19.82 m.)
West Africa (from 19.45)	GSD	11.75 Mc/s (25.53 m.)
Near East (to 19.30)	GRY	9.60 Mc/s (31.25 m.)
Canada and N. America		
(from 19.30)	GRY	9.60 Mc/s (31.25 m.)
(from 19.30)	GSE	11.86 Mc/s (25.29 m.)
S. and Central America		
(from 20.45)	GSN	11.82 Mc/s (25.38 m.)
India and Burma (to 18.15)	GRT	7.15 Mc/s (41.96 m.)

ALL TIMES IN PACIFIC, EASTERN, AND AFRICAN TRANSMISSIONS GIVEN IN GMT

Please Note that . . . .

Last-minute changes in programmes are sometimes unavoidable; changes will be announced on Sundays in the Pacific Transmission at 07.30; the Eastern Transmission at 11.45 and 14.15; and in the African Transmission at 18.30 and 21.45.

* * *

Big Ben can be heard daily in the Pacific Transmission at 06.15, 08.45, 09.30, and 10.00; in the Eastern Transmission at 13.00 and 16.00; and in the African Transmission at 17.00, 18.30, 20.15, and 20.45 (GMT).

* * *

The six-pip Greenwich Time Signal (the last pip denoting the exact time) is broadcast daily at 01.00, 02.00, 03.00, 07.00, 08.00, 09.00, 11.00, 12.00, 15.00, 18.00, 19.30, 21.00, 22.00, 23.00.

Sunday, April 6

PACIFIC TRANSMISSION

06.10 LONDON CALLING . . .
Preview of the day's programmes

06.15 THE NEWS

06.30 QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR
A talk by Lieut.-Commander Thomas Woodrooffe

06.45 HYMNS WE LOVE

07.00 IN TOWN TONIGHT

07.30 LONDON CALLING . . .
The week's programmes

07.45 THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN
(*see N. American T., Sun.*, 02.00 *GMT*)

08.00 HEADLINE NEWS
News Commentary by Cyril Lakin

08.15 PALM SUNDAY SERVICE
Address by the Rev. Canon Eric S. Abbott

08.45 AMERICAN COMMENTARY
A talk by Raymond Gram Swing

09.00 LONDON CALLING . . .

09.15 TODAY WE PRESENT . . .
Shanties and Sea Songs

09.30 RADIO NEWSREEL

10.00 Close down

EASTERN TRANSMISSION

10.55 LONDON CALLING . . .

11.00 THE NEWS

11.15 BRITAIN SPEAKS
A talk

11.30 RELIGION UNDER FIRE
A talk by the Rev. Ivor Evans

11.45 LONDON CALLING . . .
The week's programmes

12.00 TODAY WE PRESENT . . .
Carl Dolmetsch (recorder)

12.15 'YESTREEN'
(*see African T.*, 21.00 *GMT*)

13.00 THE NEWS

13.15 QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR
A talk by Lieut.-Commander Thomas Woodrooffe

13.30 Interval

13.45 FAMOUS OVERTURES

13.55 LONDON CALLING . . .

14.00 THE PEOPLE OF BRITAIN
A talk

14.15 LONDON CALLING . . .
The week's programmes

14.30 IN TOWN TONIGHT

15.00 AMERICAN COMMENTARY
A talk by Raymond Gram Swing

15.15 THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN
(*see N. American T., Wed.*, 02.00 *GMT*)

15.30 PALM SUNDAY SERVICE
Address by the Rev. Canon Eric S. Abbott

16.00 THE NEWS

16.15 QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR

16.30 Close down

AFRICAN TRANSMISSION

16.55 LONDON CALLING . . .

17.00 'THE EXPLOITS OF BELINDA LOU'—3
A serial thriller by Norman Edwards

17.15 MUSIC BY SOUSA AND STRAUSS
played by the BBC Orchestra (Section B)

17.45 'NEWS FROM NEW ZEALAND'
A talk

18.00 THE NEWS

18.15 AMERICAN COMMENTARY
A talk by Raymond Gram Swing

18.30 LONDON CALLING . . .
The week's programmes

18.45 SHANTIES AND SEA SONGS

19.00 BBC ORCHESTRA (Section C)
conducted by Arthur Wood

19.30 LONDON CALLING . . .

19.45 PALM SUNDAY SERVICE
Address by the Rev. Canon Eric S. Abbott

20.15 THE PEOPLE OF BRITAIN
A talk

20.30 THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN
(*see N. American T., Thurs.*, 02.00 *GMT*)

20.45 THE NEWS

21.00 'YESTREEN'
(adapted from the Scots ballad 'The Queen's Maries')
with
Barbara Mullen as Mary Hamilton, Terence de Marney as Lord Darnley, Yvonne Arnaud as Mary Queen of Scots

21.45 LONDON CALLING . . .
The week's programmes

21.50 THE EPILOGUE

22.00 Close down

Monday, April 7

PACIFIC TRANSMISSION

06.10 LONDON CALLING . . .
Preview of the day's programmes

06.15 THE NEWS

06.30 QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR

06.45 STARLIGHT
Derek Oldham (baritone)

07.00 MOVEMENT OF SHIPPING
A feature programme

07.30 CALLING NEW ZEALAND
A talk

07.45 THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN
(*see N. American T., Thurs.*, 02.00 *GMT*)

08.00 HEADLINE NEWS
News Commentary

08.15 TUNES FROM MANY LANDS

08.45 THE PEOPLE OF BRITAIN
A talk

09.00 THE DAILY SERVICE

09.05 LONDON CALLING . . .

09.15 TODAY WE PRESENT . . .
Sylvia Welling (soprano)

09.30 RADIO NEWSREEL

10.00 Close down

EASTERN TRANSMISSION

10.55 LONDON CALLING . . .

11.00 THE NEWS

11.15 WORKING TOGETHER
A talk by L. Williams, a Welsh blast-furnace worker

11.30 BBC MILITARY BAND

12.00 TODAY WE PRESENT . . .
Reg Pursglove's Quintet

12.15 HI, GANG!
starring
Bebe Daniels, Vic Oliver, Ben Lyon

13.00 THE NEWS

13.15 QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR

13.30 Interval

13.45 FAMOUS OVERTURES

13.55 LONDON CALLING . . .

14.00 NEWS FROM HOME
A talk by Howard Marshall

14.15 'UNCLE GABRIEL'
A play by Mabel Constanduros and Howard Agg

15.00 MATTERS OF MOMENT
A talk

15.15 THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN
(*see N. American T., Sun.*, 02.00 *GMT*)

15.30 NORTHERN LIGHTS
A miscellany

16.00 THE NEWS

16.15 QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR

16.30 Close down

AFRICAN TRANSMISSION

16.55 LONDON CALLING . . .

17.00 CALLING GIBRALTAR
A programme of music and messages to British Forces at Gibraltar
presented by Joan Gilbert

17.20 HI, GANG!
starring
Bebe Daniels, Vic Oliver, Ben Lyon
with
Jay Wilbur and his Orchestra, the Greene Sisters and Sam Browne
Additional dialogue by Dick Pepper
Produced by Harry S. Pepper and Douglas Lawrence

18.00 THE NEWS

18.15 MATTERS OF MOMENT
A talk

18.30 VARIETY
with Flanagan and Allen

19.00 FEATURE PROGRAMME

19.30 LONDON CALLING . . .

19.40 THE DAILY SERVICE

19.45 GERALDO'S CRAZY CABARET

20.15 NEWS FROM HOME
A talk by Howard Marshall

20.30 THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN
(*see N. American T., Tues.*, 02.00 *GMT*)

20.45 THE NEWS

21.00 'JOURNEY ACROSS WATER'
A musical play
with Jessie Matthews

21.45 CONTRASTS
A programme of gramophone records

22.00 Close down

LONDON CALLING

You can have your *London Calling* sent to you direct every week at a cost of 10s. a year. Remittances should be sent to **BBC Publications, Searle Road, Wembley, Middlesex, England**

LISTENERS IN U.S.A.
May send $2.00 (U.S.) to Mr. Gerald Cock, British Empire Building, 620 Fifth Avenue, New York City, N.Y.

★

LISTENERS IN CANADA
may send $2.50 (Canadian) to Mr. W. F. L. Edwards, Suite 903, 45 Richmond Street West, Toronto, Canada.

To .....

Please send *London Calling* each week for a year to the address below. I enclose remittance value.....

Name.....

Address.....

.....

.....Date.....

Tuesday, April 8

PACIFIC TRANSMISSION

06.10 LONDON CALLING . . .
Preview of the day's programmes

06.15 THE NEWS

06.30 QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR

06.45 STARLIGHT
Edmundo Ros and his Cubans

07.00 HI, GANG!
starring
Bebe Daniels, Vic Oliver, Ben Lyon

07.45 THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN
(*see N. American T., Mon.*, 02.00 *GMT*)

08.00 HEADLINE NEWS
News Commentary

08.15 CALLING AUSTRALIA
A talk

08.30 FOLK-SONGS OF THE ALLIED NATIONS

08.45 MATTERS OF MOMENT
A talk

09.00 THE DAILY SERVICE

09.05 LONDON CALLING . . .

09.15 TODAY WE PRESENT . . .

09.30 RADIO NEWSREEL

10.00 Close down

EASTERN TRANSMISSION

10.15 LONDON CALLING . . .

11.00 THE NEWS

11.15 BRITAIN SPEAKS
A talk by J. B. Priestley

11.30 WORKS WONDERS

12.00 TODAY WE PRESENT . . .

12.15 MUSIC BY MAURICE BESLY

13.00 THE NEWS

13.15 QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR

13.30 Interval

13.45 FAMOUS OVERTURES

13.55 LONDON CALLING . . .

14.00 SCOTS ABROAD
A talk

14.15 LONDON CALLING . . .

14.30 THE BBC PRESENTS . . .
Lionel Tertis (viola)

15.00 RELIGION UNDER FIRE
A talk by the Rev. Ivor Evans

15.15 THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN
(*see N. American T., Mon.*, 02.00 *GMT*)

15.30 VARIETY
with Flanagan and Allen

16.00 THE NEWS

16.15 QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR
A talk by Vernon Bartlett, M.P.

16.30 Close down

AFRICAN TRANSMISSION

16.55 LONDON CALLING . . .

17.00 SONGTIME IN THE LAAGER
Liedje-Tyd Op Laer
A programme for the South African and Rhodesian Forces
with
Leonard Sachs (compère)
François van Reenen and his Laager Kerels
Richard Lilienfeld
and Guest Stars and South African members of the Forces

17.45 PIANO RECITAL
by Hyman Sachs, a South African

18.00 THE NEWS

18.15 RELIGION UNDER FIRE
A talk by the Rev. Ivor Evans

18.30 NORTHERN LIGHTS
A miscellany

19.00 'LOVE AND HOW TO CURE IT'
A play by Thornton Wilder
with Athene Seyler and Nicholas Hannen

19.30 LONDON CALLING . . .

19.40 THE DAILY SERVICE

19.45 THE CHALUMEAU ENSEMBLE

20.00 STARLIGHT
Edmundo Ros and his Cubans

20.15 CALLING AFRICA
A talk by Major Lewis Hastings

20.30 THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN
(*see N. American T., Fri.*, 02.00 *GMT*)

20.45 THE NEWS

21.00 BAND OF THE NEW ZEALAND EXPEDITIONARY FORCE

21.30 SONGS OF LONG AGO
sung by the BBC Singers

21.45 CONTRASTS
A programme of gramophone records

22.00 Close down

Wednesday, April 9

PACIFIC TRANSMISSION

06.10 LONDON CALLING . . .
Preview of the day's programmes

06.15 THE NEWS

06.30 QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR
A talk by Vernon Bartlett, M.P.

06.45 STARLIGHT
Ambrose and his Orchestra

07.00 BAND OF THE NEW ZEALAND EXPEDITIONARY FORCE

07.30 CALLING NEW ZEALAND
A talk

07.45 THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN
(*see N. American T., Fri.*, 02.00 *GMT*

08.00 HEADLINE NEWS
News Commentary by Cyril Lakin

08.15 'FOR FAME AND FORTUNE'
A play by Lalage Pulvertaft

08.45 RELIGION UNDER FIRE
A talk by the Rev. Ivor Evans

09.00 THE DAILY SERVICE

09.05 LONDON CALLING . . .

09.15 TODAY WE PRESENT . . .
Frank Bifio's Brass Quintet

09.30 RADIO NEWSREEL

10.00 Close down

EASTERN TRANSMISSION

10.55 LONDON CALLING . . .

11.00 THE NEWS

11.15 FROM THE OLD COUNTRY
A talk by Robert Donat

11.30 'MERRY GO LUCKY'
Variety

12.00 TODAY WE PRESENT . . .
Polish Carols sung by the Polish Tertzet

12.15 'JOURNEY ACROSS WATER'
A musical play

13.00 THE NEWS

13.15 QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR
A talk by Vernon Bartlett, M.P.

13.30 Interval

13.45 FAMOUS OVERTURES

13.55 LONDON CALLING . . .

14.00 MY WEEKLY LETTER
A newsletter by Mrs. Winifred Holmes

14.15 HYMNS WE LOVE

14.30 RECITAL OF MODERN PIANO MUSIC

15.00 LONDON LETTER
A talk by Sir Frederick Whyte, K.C.S.I.

15.15 THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN
Music by Coleridge-Taylor

15.30 AMBROSE AND HIS ORCHESTRA

16.00 THE NEWS

16.15 QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR
A talk by Captain Cyril Falls

16.30 Close down

AFRICAN TRANSMISSION

16.55 LONDON CALLING . . .

17.00 'SPEAK OF THE DEVIL'
A serial thriller by J. Dickson Carr

17.20 NEW ZEALAND MAGAZINE
A programme for New Zealand Forces in the Middle East
with Geraldo and his Orchestra
Compere: Harold Stewart

18.00 THE NEWS

18.15 CALLING SOUTH AFRICA
Interviewer: J. Grenfell Williams

18.30 HYMNS WE LOVE

18.45 'THE FAIR MAID OF PERTH'
Selections from Bizet's opera
played by the BBC Northern Orchestra

19.00 MOVEMENT OF SHIPPING
A feature programme

19.30 LONDON CALLING . . .

19.40 THE DAILY SERVICE

19.45 MUSIC FOR THE RECORDER
played by Carl Dolmetsch

20.00 STARLIGHT

20.15 SCOTS ABROAD
A talk

20.30 THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN
Modern English songs sung by Luelia Finneburg (soprano)

20.45 THE NEWS

21.00 'IF YOU WERE THERE'
Variety

21.30 THE J. H. SQUIRE CELESTE OCTET

21.45 CONTRASTS
A programme of gramophone records

22.00 Close down

Thursday, April 10

PACIFIC TRANSMISSION

06.10 LONDON CALLING . . .
Preview of the day's programmes

06.15 THE NEWS

06.30 QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR
A talk by Captain Cyril Falls

06.45 STARLIGHT
Vera Lynn and Sid Bright

07.00 THE TRIAL OF JOHN SWANN AND ELIZABETH JEFFRIES, 1751

07.45 THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN
(*see N. American T., Tues.*, 02.00 *GMT*)

08.00 HEADLINE NEWS
News Commentary by Cyril Lakin

08.15 CALLING AUSTRALIA
A talk

08.30 VARIETY

08.45 ON SEA AND LAND
A talk by Lieut.-Commander Thomas Woodroffe

09.00 THE DAILY SERVICE

09.05 LONDON CALLING . . .

09.15 TODAY WE PRESENT . . .

09.30 RADIO NEWSREEL

10.00 Close down

EASTERN TRANSMISSION

10.55 LONDON CALLING . . .

11.00 THE NEWS

11.15 MEET UNCLE SAM
Ed Murrow interviews experts on the U.S.A.

11.30 ENSA OVERSEAS HALF-HOUR

12.00 TODAY WE PRESENT . . .

12.15 JACK PAYNE AND HIS BAND

13.00 THE NEWS

13.15 QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR
A talk by Captain Cyril Falls

13.30 Interval

13.45 FAMOUS OVERTURES

13.55 LONDON CALLING . . .

14.00 TO TALK OF MANY THINGS
A talk

14.15 LONDON CALLING . . .

14.30 HIS MAJESTY'S PATROL VESSELS
A feature programme by John Gough

15.00 IN MY OPINION
A talk

15.15 THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN
(*see N. American T., Tues.*, 02.00 *GMT*)

15.30 CALLING BRITISH FORCES IN INDIA
A programme of music and messages with Jack Payne and his Band

16.00 THE NEWS

16.15 QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR

16.30 Close down

AFRICAN TRANSMISSION

16.55 LONDON CALLING . . .

17.00 'NEWS FROM AUSTRALIA'
A talk by Colin Wills

17.15 HARRY LEADER AND HIS BAND

17.30 'SANDY CALLING'
A request programme for Forces in the Near East
Presented by Sandy Macpherson at the Theatre Organ

18.00 THE NEWS

18.15 MILITARY COMMENTARY
by Captain Cyril Falls

18.30 ENSA OVERSEAS HALF-HOUR

19.00 A RECITAL

19.30 LONDON CALLING . . .

19.40 THE DAILY SERVICE

19.45 BY THE FIRESIDE
with the Three in Harmony

20.00 STARLIGHT
Vera Lynn and Sid Bright

20.15 TO TALK OF MANY THINGS
A talk

20.30 THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN
(*see N. American T., Sun.*, 02.00 *GMT*)

20.45 THE NEWS

21.00 'THE WHITE COCKATOO'
A play by Eric Deeping

21.45 CONTRASTS
A programme of gramophone records

22.00 Close down

Friday, April 11

PACIFIC TRANSMISSION

06.10 LONDON CALLING . . .
Preview of the day's programmes

06.15 THE NEWS

06.30 QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR

06.45 STARLIGHT
Michal Hambourg (piano)

07.00 GOOD FRIDAY SERVICE
Address by the Rev. Canon Eric S. Abbott

07.30 NEW ZEALAND NEWSLETTER

07.45 THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN
(see N. American T., Wed., 02.00 GMT)

08.00 HEADLINE NEWS
News Commentary by Cyril Lakin

08.15 NORTHERN LIGHTS
A miscellany

08.45 IN MY OPINION
A talk

09.00 THE DAILY SERVICE

09.05 LONDON CALLING . . .

09.15 TODAY WE PRESENT . . .
Polish Carols sung by the Polish Tertzet

09.30 RADIO NEWSREEL

10.00 Close down

EASTERN TRANSMISSION

10.55 LONDON CALLING . . .

11.00 THE NEWS

11.15 NEWSLETTER FOR THE FAR EAST
A talk by O. M. Green

11.30 BBC ORCHESTRA (Section C)

12.00 TODAY WE PRESENT . . .
Music by Sydney Rosenbloom

12.15 'THE EXPLOITS OF BELINDA LOU'—3
A serial thriller by Norman Edwards

12.30 BILLY COTTON AND HIS BAND

13.00 THE NEWS

13.15 QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR

13.30 Interval

13.45 FAMOUS OVERTURES

13.55 LONDON CALLING . . .

14.00 CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN
A talk by Sidney Hornblow

14.15 MOVEMENT OF SHIPPING
A feature programme

14.45 THE WINTER GARDEN ORCHESTRA

15.00 WORLD AFFAIRS
A talk by H. Wickham Steed

15.15 THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN
(see N. American T., Fri., 02.00 GMT)

15.30 GOOD FRIDAY SERVICE
Addres by the Rev. Canon Eric S. Abbott

16.00 THE NEWS

16.15 QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR
A talk by Oliver Stewart

16.30 Close down

AFRICAN TRANSMISSION

16.55 LONDON CALLING . . .

17.00 MUSIC-HALL

18.00 THE NEWS

18.15 WORLD AFFAIRS
A talk by H. Wickham Steed

18.30 GOOD FRIDAY CONCERT
with Geraldo and his Orchestra

19.00 TUNES FROM MANY LANDS

19.30 LONDON CALLING . . .

19.35 EPILOGUE

19.45 GOOD FRIDAY SERVICE
Address by the Rev. Canon Eric S. Abbott

20.15 MEET UNCLE SAM
Ed Murrow interviews experts on the U.S.A.

20.30 THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN
(see N. American T., Wed., 02.00 GMT)

20.45 THE NEWS

21.00 VIOLIN PIECES BY BELGIAN COMPOSERS
played by Norbert Wethmar

21.15 'NOYE'S FLUDDE'
A morality play

21.45 CONTRASTS
A programme of gramophone records

22.00 Close down

Saturday, April 12

PACIFIC TRANSMISSION

06.10 LONDON CALLING . . .
Preview of the day's programmes

06.15 THE NEWS

06.30 QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR
A talk by Oliver Stewart

06.45 STARLIGHT
Arthur Young (novachord and Bruce Trent (songs

07.00 MUSIC-HALL

08.00 HEADLINE NEWS
News Commentary by Cyril Lakin

08.15 AUSTRALIAN NEWSLETTER

08.30 'THE EXPLOITS OF BELINDA LOU'—3
A serial thriller by Norman Edwards

08.45 WORLD AFFAIRS
A talk by H. Wickham Steed

09.00 THE DAILY SERVICE

09.05 LONDON CALLING . . .

09.15 TODAY WE PRESENT . . .
Violin pieces by Belgian composers

09.30 RADIO NEWSREEL

10.00 Close down

EASTERN TRANSMISSION

10.55 LONDON CALLING . . .

11.00 THE NEWS

11.15 HUGH WALPOLE TALKING !

11.30 CALLING BRITISH FORCES IN THE FAR EAST
A programme of music and messages with Ambrose and his Orchestra

12.00 TODAY WE PRESENT . . .
Three Choral Preludes by Bach

12.15 'SPEAK OF THE DEVIL'—8
A serial thriller by J. Dickson Carr

12.35 MUSICAL PARLOUR GAME
with Geraldo and his Orchestra

13.00 THE NEWS

13.15 QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR
A talk by Oliver Stewart

13.30 Interval

13.45 FAMOUS OVERTURES

13.55 LONDON CALLING . . .

14.00 MUSIC-HALL

15.00 BOOKS AND PEOPLE
A talk

15.15 THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN
(see N. American T., Thurs., 02.00 GMT)

15.30 SALUTE TO THE EMPIRE
with Geraldo and his Orchestra

16.00 THE NEWS

16.15 QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR
A talk by Lieut.-Commander Thomas Woodrooffe

16.30 Close down

AFRICAN TRANSMISSION

16.55 LONDON CALLING . . .

17.00 MALTESE NEWSLETTER
by Joseph Sultana

17.15 AUSTRALIAN MAGAZINE
A programme for Australian Forces in the Middle East
with Geraldo and his Orchestra
Compere : William Gates

18.00 THE NEWS

18.15 AIR COMMENTARY
by Oliver Stewart

18.30 BBC ORCHESTRA (Section B)

19.00 SALUTE THE STARS AND STRIPES
with the BBC Salon Orchestra

19.30 LONDON CALLING . . .

19.40 THE DAILY SERVICE

19.45 IN TOWN TONIGHT
Introducing some of the interesting people who are In Town Tonight

20.15 BOOKS AND PEOPLE
A talk

20.30 THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN
(see N. American T., Mon., 02.00 GMT)

20.45 THE NEWS

21.00 BBC SCOTTISH ORCHESTRA

21.45 CONTRASTS
A programme of gramophone records

22.00 Close down

FOR RECEPTION OUTSIDE EUROPE

BBC DAILY BROADCASTS IN LANGUAGES OTHER THAN ENGLISH

Language	*Time (GMT)*	*Programme*	*Wavelength (Metres)*	*Area Served*
Afrikaans	16.30-16.45	News	16.84	Africa
	18.30-18.45	News	31.75	South Africa
	18.45-19.00	Talk	25.38	South Africa
Arabic	05.00-05.15	News	31.32	Near East
			41.96	Near East
			31.75	North Africa
	05.30-05.45	News (*2nd reading*)	31.32	Near East
			41.96	Near East
			31.75	North Africa
	16.55-17.45	Programme	19.60	Near East and Arabia
			31.32	Near East and Arabia
			19.60	North Africa
	17.45-18.10	News	19.60	Near East and Arabia
			31.32	Near East and Arabia
			19.60	North Africa
Burmese (*Monday only*)	13.30-13.45	News	19.60	Burma, India, and Malaya
			24.92	Burma, India, and Malaya
Dutch	11.45-12.00	News	19.60	East Indies
			13.86	East Indies
Flemish	19.00-19.15 (*odd days of month*)	'Radio Belgique'	31.75	South and Central Africa
			25.38	South and Central Africa
French	11.15-11.30	News	19.60	Near East, Seychelles
			13.86	Mauritius, Madagascar, and Africa generally
	19.00-19.15 (*even days of month*)	'Radio Belgique'	31.75	South and Central Africa
			25.38	South and Central Africa
	19.15-19.30	News	31.32	Near East, Syria, and Seychelles
			25.29	Canada and N. America
			19.66	North and West Africa
			31.75	Central and S. Africa, Mauritius, and Madagascar
			25.38	Central and S. Africa, Mauritius, and Madagascar
	19.30-20.00	Programme	19.66	North and West Africa
			31.32	Near East and Syria
			31.75	Central and South Africa
			25.38	Central and South Africa
	21.15-21.30	News	24.92	North and West Africa
	23.45-00.00	News	31.32	Canada and North and South America
			25.53	S. and Central America
			31.25	Central America
			49.10	North America
German	20.00-20.20	News	31.75	Central and South Africa
			25.38	Central and South Africa
Greek	05.45-06.00	News	31.32	Greece and Near East
			41.96	Greece and Near East
	18.25-18.45	News	31.32	Greece and Near East
	20.15-20.30	News	31.32	Greece and Near East
Greek for Cyprus	18.40-18.45	News	31.32	Cyprus and Near East
Hindustani	14.00-14.30	News and Programme	19.60	India, Burma, and Malaya
	14.30-15.00	Programme in English	24.92	India, Burma, and Malaya
Italian	18.30-18.45	News	19.60	East Africa
Maltese (*Saturday only*)	17.00-17.15	Newsletter	41.96	Malta (the most suitable wavelength is 19.82 m.)
			31.25	Malta (the most suitable wavelength is 19.82 m.)
			25.53	Malta (the most suitable wavelength is 19.82 m.)
			19.82	Malta (the most suitable wavelength is 19.82 m.)
			19.66	Malta (the most suitable wavelength is 19.82 m.)
Persian (*except Wed. and Thurs.*)	16.15-16.30	News	24.92	Iran
Portuguese*	12.15-12.30	News	13.86	Africa
	12.30-12.45	Programme	13.86	Africa
	21.00-21.15	News	31.32	Mozambique & E. Africa
Spanish*	12.45-13.00	News	13.86	Africa
	13.00-13.15	Programme	13.86	Africa
Turkish	05.15-05.30	News	31.32	Turkey and Near East
			41.96	Turkey and Near East
			31.75	North Africa
	12.15-12.30	News	19.60	Turkey and Near East
	18.10-18.25	News	19.60	Turkey, Near East, and North Africa
			31.32	Turkey, Near East, and North Africa

** For further broadcasts in Spanish and Portuguese see Latin-American Service details on page 20*

BBC Service for Europe in English and Other Languages

Time (GMT)	Item	Language	Wavelength (metres)
03.55-04.00	Announcements..	English	373.1, 285.7, 261.1, 49.59
04.00-04.20	News	German	373.1, 285.7, 261.1, 49.59
04.20-04.30	Programme	German	373.1, 285.7, 261.1, 49.59
04.30-04.50	News	German	373.1, 285.7, 261.1, 49.59
04.50-05.00	Programme	German	373.1, 285.7, 261.1, 49.59
05.00-05.15	News	Czech	373.1, 285.7, 261.1, 49.59
05.15-05.30	News	French	373.1, 285.7, 261.1, 49.59
05.30-05.45	Programme	French	373.1, 49.59
05.45-06.00	News	Greek	41.96, 31.32
05.45-06.00	News	Norwegian	449.1, 391.1, 373.1, 49.59
06.00-06.15	Programme	Norwegian	373.1, 49.59
06.15-06.25	News	Italian	373.1, 49.59, 41.96
06.25-06.35	Programme	Italian	373.1, 49.59, 41.96
06.35-06.45	News	Italian	373.1, 49.59, 41.96
06.45-07.00	News	Polish	373.1, 49.59, 41.96
07.00-07.15	(*weekdays only*)..	Radio Belgique	373.1, 49.59, 41.96, 30.96
07.15-07.30	Programme	English	373.1, 49.59, 41.96, 30.96
07.00-07.15	(*Sun. only*) Programme	Luxembourg patois	373.1, 49.59, 41.96, 30.96
07.30-07.45	'Radio Orange'.	Dutch	373.1, 49.59
07.45-08.00	Programme	English	373.1, 49.59
08.00-08.15	News	English	373.1, 49.59, 41.49, 30.96
08.15-09.00	Programme	English	373.1, 49.59, 41.49, 30.96
09.00-09.15	Programme	German	373.1, 49.59, 41.49, 30.96
09.15-09.30	Daily Service	English	373.1, 49.59, 41.49, 30.96
09.30-10.00	Programme	English	373.1, 49.59, 41.49, 30.96
10.40-10.45	Announcements.	English	373.1, 49.59, 25.29
10.45-11.00	Programme	French	373.1, 49.59, 25.29, 19.60
11.00-11.15	Programme	French	373.1, 49.59, 41.49, 25.38, 25.29, 19.60
11.15-11.30	News	French	373.1, 49.59, 41.49, 25.38, 25.29, 19.60, 13.86
11.30-11.45	News	Italian	373.1, 49.59, 41.49, 25.38, 25.29
11.45-12.00	News	Dutch	373.1, 49.59, 41.49, 25.38, 25.29, 19.16, 13.86
12.00-12.15	News	German	373.1, 49.59, 41.49, 25.38, 25.29
12.15-12.30	Programme	German	373.1, 49.59, 41.49, 25.38, 25.29
12.15-12.30	News	Portuguese	19.76, 13.86
12.30-12.45	Programme	Portuguese	19.76, 13.86
12.30-12.45	News	Italian	373.1, 49.59, 41.49, 25.38, 25.29
12.45-13.00	News	Magyar	373.1, 49.59, 41.49, 25.38, 25.29
12.45-13.00	News	Spanish	19.76, 13.86
13.00-13.15	Programme	Spanish	19.76, 13.86
13.00-13.15	News	German	373.1, 49.59, 41.49, 25.38, 25.29
13.15-13.30	Programme	French	373.1, 49.59, 41.49, 25.38, 25.29
13.30-13.45	News	English	373.1, 49.59, 41.49, 25.38, 25.29
13.45-14.00	Programme	English	373.1, 49.59, 41.49, 25.38, 25.29
14.00-14.30	Programme	German	373.1, 49.59, 41.49, 25.38, 25.29
14.30-14.45	News	Italian	373.1, 49.59, 41.49, 25.38, 25.29
14.45-15.00	Programme	Italian	373.1, 49.59, 41.49, 25.38, 25.29
15.00-15.15	News	Polish	373.1, 49.59, 41.49, 25.38, 25.29
15.15-15.30	News	Serbo-Croat	19.60
15.15-15.30	Programme	French	373.1, 49.59, 41.49, 25.38, (*and* 25.29 *weekdays*)
15.30-15.45	News	Rumanian	19.60
15.30-15.45	Newsletter	Icelandic (*Sun. only*)	19.76
15.55-16.00	Announcements.	English	373.1, 49.59, 41.49, 30.96, (*and* 25.29 *weekdays*)
16.00-16.15	News	German	373.1, 49.59, 41.49, 30.96, 25.29
16.15-16.30	News	Danish	373.1, 49.59, 41.49, 30.96, 25.29
16.30-16.45	News	Czech	373.1, 49.59, 41.49, 30.96, 25.29
16.45-17.00	Programme	Czech	373.1, 49.59, 41.49, 30.96, 25.29
17.00-17.15	News	Dutch	373.1, 49.59, 41,49, 30.96, 25.29
17.15-17.30	News	Swedish	31.55
17.15-17.30	News	French	373.1, 49.59, 41.49, 30.96, 25.29
17.30-17.45	Programme	French	373.1, 49.59, 41.49, 30.96, 25.29
17.30-17.45	News	Norwegian	449.1, 391.1, 49.38, 31.55
17.45-17.55	Programme	Norwegian	31.55
17.55-18.00	News Summary..	Danish	31.55
17.45-18.00	Programme	French or German	373.1, 49.59, 41.49, 30.96, 25.29
18.00-18.15	News	Finnish	31.55
18.00-18.15	News	German	373.1, 49.59, 41.49, 30.96
18.15-18.30	Programme	German	373.1, 49.59, 41.49, 30.96
18.25-18.45	News	Greek	31.32
18.30-18.45	News	Italian	373.1, 49.59, 41.49, 30.96, 19.60
18.45-18.55	(*except Wednesdays*) News	Serbo-Croat	31.32
18.45-18.55	(*Wednesdays only*) News	Slovene	31.32
18.45-19.00	'Radio Orange'	Dutch	373.1, 49.59, 41.49, 30.96
18.55-19.00	News	Albanian	31.32
19.00-19.15	News	Bulgarian	31.32
19.00-19.15	'Radio Belgique'	French or Flemish	373.1, 49.59, 41.49, 31.75, 30.96, 25.38
19.15-19.30	News	French	373.1, 49.59, 41.49, 31.75, 31.32 30.96, 25.38, 25.29, 19.66
19.30-20.00	Programme	French	373.1, 49.59, 41.49 31.75, 31.32, 30.96, 25.38, 19.66
20.00-20.15	News	Rumanian	31.32
20.00-20.20	News	German	373.1, 285.7, 261.1, 49.59, 41.49, 31.75, 30.96, 25.38
20.20-20.30	News	Magyar	373.1, 285.7, 261.1, 49.59, 41.49, 30.96
20.15-20.30	News	Greek	31.32
20.30-20.45	News	Serbo-Croat	31.32
20.30-20.45	News	Polish	373.1, 285.7, 261.1, 49.59, 30.96
20.45-21.00	News	Czech	373.1, 285.7, 261.1, 49.59, 41.49, 30.96
21.00-21.15	Programme for Austria	German	373.1, 261.1, 49.59, 41.49, 30.96
21.00-21.15	News	Portuguese	285.7, 31.55, 31.32
21.15-21.30	Programme	Portuguese	285.7, 31.55
21.15-21.30	News	French	373.1, 261.1, 49.59, 41.49, 30.96, 24.92
21.30-21.45	News	Italian	373.1, 261.1, 49.59, 41.49, 30.96
21.45-22.00	Programme	Italian	373.1, 261.1, 49.59, 41.49, 30.96
21.30-21.45	News	Spanish	285.7, 31.55
21.45-22.00	Programme	Spanish	285.7, 31.55
22.00-22.15	News	English	373.1, 285.7, 261.1, 49.59, 41.49, 30.96
22.15-22.30	Programme	Czech	373.1, 285.7, 261.1, 49.59, 41.49, 30.96
22.30-22.45	News	Italian	373.1, 285.7, 261.1, 49.59, 41.49, 30.96
23.19-23.20	Announcements.	English	373.1, 49.59
23.20-23.30	News	Norwegian	449.1, 391.1, 373.1, 49.59
23.30-23.45	News	English	373.1, 285.7, 261.1, 49.59
23.45-00.02	News	French	373.1, 285.7, 261.1, 49.59, 49.10, 31.32, 31.25, 25.53

BBC LATIN-AMERICAN SERVICE

GSN 25.38 *m.* 11.82 *Mc/s for South and Central America. GSB* 31.55 *m.* 9.51 *Mc/s for South and Central America. GRX* 30.96 *m.* 9.69 *Mc/s for Mexico.*

22.40 Announcements in Spanish and Portuguese
22.45 News in Portuguese
23.00 Programme in Spanish and Portuguese
23.45 News in Spanish
00.00 News in Portuguese
00.15 Talk or commentary in Portuguese
01.00 Programme in Spanish or Portuguese
01.15 Programme in Spanish
02.00 News in Spanish
02.15 Talk or commentary in Spanish
02.30 Closing down announcements
(All times GMT)

Musical programmes are broadcast during the intervals between the fixed points—dance music, symphony concerts, light music, soloists, etc. Feature programmes are broadcast in Portuguese on Mondays at 00.30 and in Spanish on Wednesdays at 01.15, and are repeated on Fridays at 23.30

Printed in England by WATERLOW & SONS LTD., Twyford Abbey Road, Park Royal, N.W.10, and published by the BRITISH BROADCASTING CORPORATION at The Grammar School, Scarle Road, Wembley, Middlesex.—March 13, 1941.